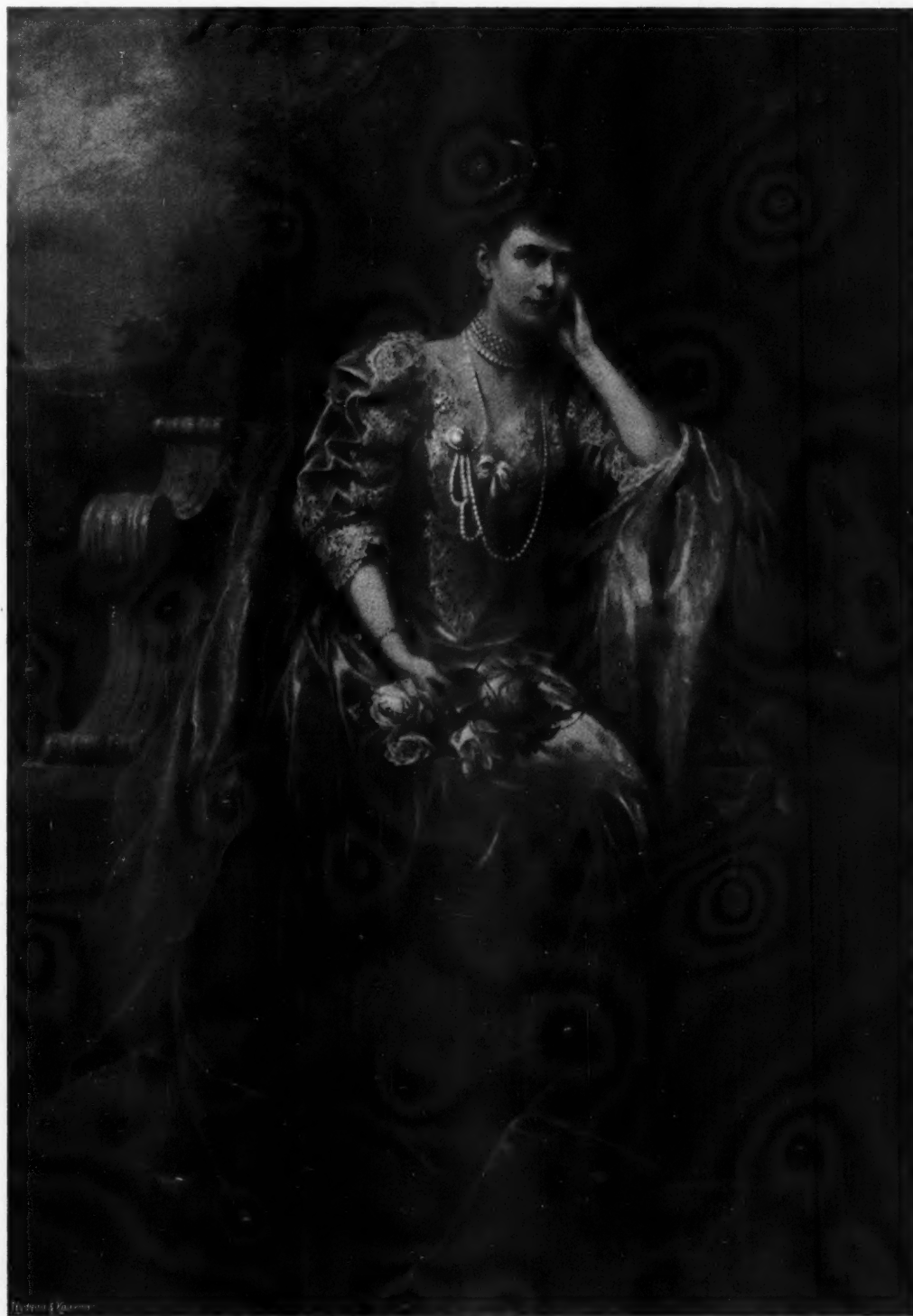


# COUNTRY LIFE

**THE** JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

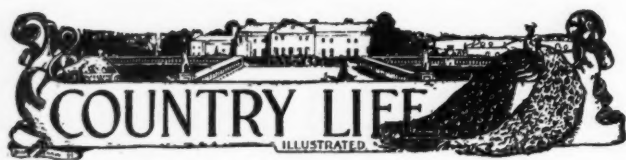
VOL. IX.—No. 219. [ REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER. ] SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1901.

[ PRICE SIXPENCE:  
BY POST, 6½D. ]



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

[From a Painting by EDWARD HUGHES, Published by Special Permission of the Artist.]



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

We much regret that by a printer's error the excellent photograph of the Bison Bulls at Haggerston was acknowledged as the work of Mr. Charles Reid, whilst it was taken by Mr. J. S. Bond.

## RAILWAYS AND . . DAMAGE TO CROPS.

PARLIAMENT passed the second reading of the Bill for compensation for damage to crops by fires caused by railway engines by a majority of 227 on Tuesday, March 5th. There is a good deal to be said for and against special legislation on this subject, but the sense of the House was clearly in favour of giving fresh and cheap means of obtaining payment from the railway companies when it was proved that a farmer had suffered loss and damage by no fault of his own. The extent of the grievance was shown by the facts stated by different speakers on both sides of the House, who addressed themselves to the subject with an absence of party spirit unhappily rare when agricultural matters are being discussed. The debate was opened by the mover of the Bill, Mr. Hudson, who sits for the Hitchin division of Hertfordshire. There was something locally appropriate in this, for it is at the top of the fen, where it infringes on Hertfordshire, that the damage caused by railway spark fires is likely to be most severely felt. The lines pass through a part of the old fen, where the ground is deep dry peat. Once set on fire, this smoulders for weeks, the fire goes down many feet, and the heart is burnt out of the land for good. Mr. Munro-Ferguson, a Scotch member, said that in the present month, in normal weather, and not the pouring wet we have been experiencing, the greatest damage was done by these fires to the Scotch plantations. The wood of his had been set on fire eleven times in the course of one month. Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, representing the far west (Cornwall, Truro division), complained that he had

suffered from several fires, one of which had destroyed 100 acres of trees, and he had suffered heavy pecuniary loss. He added that he did not want compensation but prevention. There can be no doubt that the succession of dry summers, during which not only all the corn crop, but grass-fields—even when fed down by cattle—heather, fern, and woods, especially pine woods, were in a highly inflammable state for months, have seen very serious and vexatious losses from this cause. During the Bisley fortnight, for instance, a conflagration of the woods or corn-fields by the side of the line was lamentably common. Elsewhere, both in plantations and among growing crops, especially in the barley-fields, sudden and irreparable damage was done. It is evident that the owners of woods are even more damaged than those of the sown crops. The latter represent, at most, so much cash. But no cash payment could compensate for the loss of an ornamental wood, or replace its service in sheltering the adjacent land from wind and rain.

At present, unless specific negligence can be proved, the law allows no compensation at all. This is under a decision of the High Court in 1894, since which the railway companies, who naturally desire to protect themselves, have met every claim by a plea that they are not legally liable. Their friends in Parliament brought forward other arguments, in which there was a good deal of force, in defence of the present position, or deprecating any special legislation. They said, and they might have put it even more forcibly, that the railways are the farmers' best friends. They also pleaded that the analogy of road locomotives—which do incur liability by setting crops on fire—did not hold, for the railway companies had bought and owned the railroads, whereas the motor-waggons were travelling on the nation's highways. The argument from the liability of motor-cars is, to be candid, a poor one, more suited for legal purposes in an action than likely to convince the House of Commons. The railway companies also contribute an enormous sum to the rates of the parishes they pass through, sometimes as much as 60 per cent. By this they lighten the burdens on the land, both for owner and occupier. But this is not sufficient to console a tenant who sees ten acres of barley blazing, or an owner whose plantations, made when he was a young man, are reduced to a mass of charred poles. It was not urged that the farmers should insure against damage caused by such fires. Nor is it very likely that they would care to do so. The terms asked by insurance companies are always higher even when a corn-field abuts on a road, and in the case of stacks near a highway or near a cottage or chimney of any kind the premiums are at once put up.

Mr. Stuart Wortley was the strongest opponent of the idea of compensation. He took the line that it had not been shown that the existing law did not meet the wants of the case. The railways are liable if negligence is proved. If the Bill were passed, the law would revert to the provisions of the ordinary common law of nuisance, and if sparks from railway engines were a nuisance, and only then, railway companies could be sued successfully. But he admitted that at present the grievances inflicted by the legal procedure and difficulty of proof were considerable. The legal technicalities in the way of proving negligence are too complicated for farmers to face.

If past history throws any light on the questions of justice involved, it is in the nature of the contracts between the railway companies and the original vendors of the land on which the line runs. They sold, and were paid, on a scale in which the possible damage by fire was taken into consideration. Consequently, it is open to the railways to urge that if asked to pay for loss by fires they are being debited with an item of cost twice over. But the fact is that it was only in the early days, before railways were common, and even before the great trunk lines were made, that anyone seriously believed in danger from railway incendiarism. No one expected that the number of trains now run would ever travel the road, or that they would do so with forced draught, and at the great speeds now attained. It is the number and speed of the trains which multiply fires. When going at high power, the forced draught sends out not sparks, but hot and burning coals, and drives them to great distances, just as the burning coal flies from the funnels of a destroyer when forced draught is fanning the furnaces. Early last April a passenger by one of the North-Western expresses, coming down over Shap Fell, was struck by the number of fires kindled as the train rushed on. They were only on the side of the line, and probably on the company's property. But after seeing several in succession, being in one of the rear carriages, he pulled out his watch and timed these blazes. The train passed ten newly lighted and blazing fires in one minute. It was sowing a chain of fires all along the road. The companies know this, and on certain parts of the lines employ men to watch for fires, and also to carry all corn standing in "shocks" well out of reach of danger, exhibiting consideration and precaution with which they were not credited in the debate. But the fact remains that great damage is done, which was not likely or expected when the lines were built, and there is at present practically no form of redress for injury. Probably the best solution of the difficulty would be to let Mr. Hudson's Bill become law after a lapse of



twelve months, during which the railways should do their best to provide watchers about the ripening of the corn, or in March and the summer by the wooded parts of their lines. They might in the meantime experiment with and fit their engine funnels with screens or guards to catch the cinders. It is not a difficult thing to do, and the appliance for it is in regular use in America, where forest fires are very serious, not only to the neighbours, but also to the railway lines, where wooden bridges, sleepers, and platforms used often to be consumed in these self-caused blazes. Not to use them, or to take any means to stop the sparks flying, is in itself a form of carelessness and neglect, though until the hot summers gave extra fuel for the fire, the scattered burnings created no great volume of complaint.



AT one of the big political clubs recently, the following dialogue was carried on between a potential consumer—in moderation of course—of wines and spirits and a very large wine merchant. *Consumer*: "I suppose you have been getting large stores out of bond like the rest of them?" *Merchant*: "Of course, and I had to draw a far larger cheque than I cared about." *Consumer*: "Ah, well, of course, if the extra duty is put on, you will have escaped it, and your customers will be able to get their wine at the old price." *Merchant*: "Oh dear, no!" This dialogue is not imaginary, but true in substance at any rate, and it explains our complete lack of sympathy for the persons who, having rushed forward to free dutiable commodities, and having thus placed the Chancellor of the Exchequer in possession of a large sum of ready money, are now considering ruefully whether they may not have made a mistake. Truth to tell, we are all looking forward to the Budget with a good deal of anxiety, and it is delightful to find any feature in the present financial situation which is in the least degree amusing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the sporting novelist, is keeping back his *dénouement* as late as possible. Our frank hope is that he will not raise the income tax very greatly, but borrow upon a large scale. No conceivable tax could be more unfair, more difficult to collect, more easily evaded by men who earn their incomes, more inconvenient to pay, coming as it does in one lump.

Of course, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer does borrow upon a large scale, there will be those who will bray, in and out of Parliament, of flagitious finance; but he has a strong majority behind him, and can afford to disregard them. There is not a particle of doubt that the money spent on the war will in due course result in the acquisition of a valuable asset. The gold mines already existing in South Africa will be more remunerative than they were, labour will be cheaper, and they must, therefore, expect to pay a fairly heavy tax; but more than that, it is well known that there are other gold deposits than those of the Rand, which ex-President Kruger consistently refused to permit to be worked. His view was, that so long as he and the corrupt clique surrounding him had plenty of gold, it was well that others should have little, and he acted upon it consistently. In fact, we can see no reason why some of the gold deposit in the Transvaal should not be worked as a Government enterprise, the profits being simply regarded as State income.

Meanwhile, Monday evening produced another very interesting statement upon the financial question, the statement, that is to say, made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as to the King's Civil List. It had already been said that multifarious as had been the public duties performed by the King when he was Prince of Wales, there were no debts. And certainly when one reflects how hard His Majesty had worked for thirty years, it must be admitted that a statement of debts requiring to be paid would not have been unreasonable. On the other hand, it may be taken to be acknowledged that the King is expected to make a greater show in public for some years to come than had been made by his revered mother during the greater part of her life. It has been felt, therefore, that the income which sufficed for

her would not be enough for her son; and there had been malicious whispers that her late Majesty had accumulated a considerable private fortune. Special interest, therefore, belongs to that part of the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer which shows that her late Majesty's public expenditure of recent years exceeded her income. And the inference to be drawn is that if the King is to do things handsomely, which is the universal desire, a large increase will have to be made in the Royal income.

It looks as though the present session of Parliament were, in a sense, to be that of Mr. Brodrick. He made a speech that could be really designated as masterly in introducing the new Army scheme, and his attitude towards the Colville case deserves the sympathy it is bound to receive. It rests on two general principles, of which the first is that we are bound to trust the men we have placed in power. Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Evelyn Wood are soldiers beyond any taint of favouritism or partisanship, and, as Mr. Brodrick says, to not only question but upset their judgment would be to reduce their decorations to tinsel. The other is that Press influence, social position, and so on, ought not to be allowed to influence us on a matter of this kind—a sound and wholesome opinion.

Certain things there are about the British Army that are superfluities, as Mr. Brodrick more than suggested in his very able speech in the House—much in the way of gold lace and expense to be done away with. No words are too strong for the absurdity of our officers' uniforms costing considerably more than fifty per cent. over and above those "made in Germany," and worn in Germany, be it noted, as they seldom are worn in England. But, further, as a result of the war in South Africa, it is certain that a large proportion of our soldiery will bring back a very important addition to their military efficiency in the form of improved horsemanship. This is not to be taken to mean improvement only in the ability to sit a horse and to make him do the rider's bidding, but it includes the art of caring for him in such wise as to get out of him the greatest amount of work. Horsemanship in South Africa has meant all this. It has meant the driving of a team of mules, all vicious, and sometimes of a composite team of mules and horses, which is worse still—and the old coaching test team of "three blind 'uns and a bolter" is not a circumstance to it—over a country that is like a London street when it is "up." And it has meant hauling guns, with oxen or anything that could be hitched to them, up places "like the sides of houses, only steeper," as one gallant gunner wrote home. "Go anywhere that the cavalry can" was the horse-gunner's translation of his classical motto, "Ubique." He has justified it. The cavalry will have to justify themselves by ability to go where the gunner cannot.

A daily contemporary has to be thanked for reminding us that during the past week Mr. J. L. Toole, perhaps the most popular, in public and private, of the comedians of the nineteenth century, entered upon his seventy-second year. As a son of the Lord Mayor's toastmaster—not the same toastmaster whose voice is said to have cracked glasses and decanters—young Toole naturally went to the City of London School, and he was one of the many pupils of that school who have risen to more than considerable eminence. The *Daily Chronicle* notes that Mr. Asquith, Mr. Ritchie, Sir George Newnes, and Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., are all of them old City of London School boys; and each has been in his way a valuable public servant.

"Ichabod"—the glory is departed. Many middle-aged Englishmen who revelled in the robust delights of football twenty years ago, kept religiously aloof from Blackheath on Saturday last, because they wished to spare themselves the pain of seeing a Scottish "fifteen" make hay of the chosen representatives of England. And they were wise; for a more runaway match has seldom been seen except on a village green. All sorts of ingenious excuses have been invented to account for the fact that the standard of Rugby football has fallen very much in England, while it has risen amazingly in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The reason most frequently adduced is the secession of the North, and there may be something in the suggestion, but for ourselves we are much more inclined to think that the cause is to be found, firstly, in the fact that very few men of the better class will now play football in the South of England, because football has been vulgarised by gate-money; and, secondly, in the fact that English teams are gathered from a dozen different clubs, and that the men, being strangers to one another, cannot be expected to show effectual combination.

Disappointment is ever the portion of the over-sanguine, but assuredly it does seem as if we might hope that we are at the beginning of better things in the salmon-fishing way. From so many parts do we hear that the spring prospects and opening hauls are better than for several years. The Tweed did remarkably well at the first of the netting. From the Dee we hear that a better class of fish is being taken, and this is variously

attributed to two causes—more adequate control of the netting at the estuary, and the introduction of new stock from other rivers, the Don, Deveron, the Tay, by the aid of Sir W. Brooks's hatcheries. In all likelihood the two causes have worked together for the good of the salmon population of the river. Relatively speaking, the weather in the far North of Scotland does not seem to have been nearly as severe as further South, and the snow-broth has cleared out of the rivers fully as early as usual, to the advantage of the spring rod-fisher. The "contemplative man" has brighter prospects for his contemplation than for some time past, in so far as his salmon fishing goes, but in the South, where the rivers are open for trouting, the weather keeps too cold to allow a hatch out of fly or consequent rise of trout.

The matter of the world's timber supply is one of some importance, and formed the subject of an interesting lecture lately given before the Society of Arts by Mr. W. Schlich. There is no doubt that the world is using up its timber faster than it is growing it, and there seems no apparent reason why the ratio should change until change becomes compulsory owing to inadequacy of the supply. Another view is that there is timber enough to last our time; so why bother? This is philosophical, but it is not moral. Perhaps philosophy seldom is. No doubt, however, it is a consideration on these lines that stops many a landowner who is on the point of afforesting land. He will reap no reward for many a year, even if it be reaped in his own life at all, and meanwhile he will be paying annual rates exactly as if the land were annually remunerative. To balance this, Mr. Schlich suggests that land thus afforested should be exempt from taxation, by special legislation, for a certain period of years. The suggestion and the whole tenor of the lecture are practical enough, and its conclusion hard to evade. There are many parts of England and the British Islands generally that are suitable for the growth of timber and of little else. Optimists may tell us that by the time the acorn of to-day is a timber tree, chemistry will have invented a cheap and easy substitute for timber. That is a pleasant fancy, but it is not proved fact.

There have been great times round the coasts of Worthing, Rottingdean, and the like, and it has been good to be a child of those regions, for the beach has been bestrewn most plentifully with the golden apples of the Hesperides, so that dessert and feasting have been plentiful. In plainer words, a Portuguese ship bearing a cargo of oranges has been wrecked on the coast, and the oranges, washed up on the beach, have given it the appearance of a fabulous Eldorado. The people have been carrying them away in sacks and in carts, schoolboys have gone away bulgy in every pocket, and even more esoterically bulgy. There has been nothing to equal it, in the opinion of "every schoolboy," since the jetsam of the Spanish Armada.

Warned, perhaps, by the rather unfortunate experience of the county captains in their premature legislation on the subject of the throwing-bowling, the committee of the M.C.C. seems to be proceeding in this matter with a caution that is remarkable. No doubt if this extreme caution is an error at all, it is an error on the right side; and no doubt, too, the committee did a very wise and timely thing in asking the captains of counties whether it was their wish that the M.C.C. should legislate on the question. This action let the captains out of a very tight corner. So far as we have heard any answers from the counties, all have been to the effect that they hoped the M.C.C. would legislate. Legislation therefore is likely to follow; but in the meantime the committee of the club is taking for its own that admirable motto

*Festina lente*—do not begin to hit till you are well set.

We confess that the investigation into life-statistics made by the German man of science, Dr. Prinzing, pleases us much. The question being whether, other things being equal, bachelors or married men live the longer, the learned man at once perceives the weakness of general statistics which handicap the cause of bachelordom by including those bachelors who, for reasons of health, ought not to marry, and sometimes, although unfortunately by no means always, do not marry. Dr. Prinzing has therefore compared the mortality figures of Roman Catholic priests, who are all celibate, and of Protestant clergy, who distinctly are not; and the advantage is all with the Protestant clergy. That is as it should be, for the natural mode of life ought surely to be the healthier. The *Daily Graphic*, it is true, points out that there is another difference between the lives of the Roman Catholic and Protestant clergy, in that the former all fast at stated times, but of the latter only a section observe the days of abstinence. But, since confessedly we all eat

too much for our health, that ought to be all in favour of the Roman Catholics.

## OUR PORTRAIT . . . . . . ILLUSTRATIONS.

THERE is certainly no need for explaining the reason why this date is chosen for producing not only an admirable portrait of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York, from a painting by Mr. Edward Hughes, but also a group showing Princes Edward and Albert and Princess Victoria of Cornwall and York, in fact all her children except Prince Henry, who is barely a year old. On the date which this issue of COUNTRY LIFE bears, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York start on their important tour in



Alice Hughes. 52, Gower Street.  
T.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCE ALBERT.



H.M.S. Ophir, late of the Orient Line, a tour which is to cover a large part of the Empire. It may be worth while to remark incidentally that, on this tour, COUNTRY LIFE will be represented by a correspondent having exceptional facilities.

## ON THE GREEN.

**T**HAT terrible Oxford University golf team has gone on the warpath again with most scalping results. Woking and Warwick Clubs are left in a most broken condition after their visits. Mr. Low plucked some little honour out of the Woking match, beating Mr. Mitchell by four, but Mr. Bramston and Mr. O. T. Falk both had seven holes out of opponents who ought to have been formidable, but showed little boldness of front. Cambridge, on the other hand, has not shown anything like the same force, and West Herts beat the team rather badly. Of course these University teams, for the most part playing away from home, are always at the disadvantage of meeting opponents on the latter's native heath. But this, if it be taken to excuse a Cambridge defeat, must also count, no less, in enhancing the brightness of an Oxford win. So the relative result between the Universities is the same. Oxford appears a deal the more powerful. Cambridge had to play one of the latest competitions on Coldham Common on a course shortened down to nine holes, because rifle firing was going on over the other half of the course. As a rule the golfer is reviled for the danger that his missiles bring, but even the strongest and longest driver of the golf ball is at a disadvantage in a duel with a rifleman. The Cambridge "Bogey" competition on that occasion was won by Mr. Escolme, with a return of one up. The day was horrid. What

days of this spring are to be anything but horrid? one is disposed to ask. Mr. Howarth, who has been playing so well, was a point down. Of course games must give way to patriotism, golf to rifle shooting (it is the old story of the "golf to be utterly cryit down in favour of the archery practice"), but it is sad to play a competition on a half course.

Mr. Mansfield Hunter, himself at one time a representative of Oxford University golf, was determined, it would seem, to have revenge on his old University for some defeats, for he led up to Oxford a team, headed by Mr. Balfour Melville, that was strong enough to go anywhere and make its mark. We see that Mr. A. C. Croome was playing on the University side, so the team was not wholly an undergraduate one. Mr. Croome played against his colleague of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, Mr. J. L. Low, and was worsted by him. Mr. Balfour Melville suffered defeat from Mr. Mitchell, but on the whole the visiting side was too much for the natives, even though these last had knowledge of the course to help them. The conclusion of the matter was that the visitors won by a balance of five holes. But the native people were without the services of Mr. Bramston and of Mr. G. Lawrence. These men were worth five holes, we may suppose, without flattery. A question that several will ask is "Where and what is Huntercombe?" For Huntercombe is one of the courses on which Taylor and White have arranged to play their match. Huntercombe, it appears (it was White's choice, and why he chose it who can say? A man's motives are sometimes clear to himself, rarely to anyone else), is a new green near Henley. We hope it is a good green, and worthy of the occasion. For the other half of the match, it is to be played on Taylor's home course of mid-Surrey. It cannot be said that in knowledge of the greens on which the match will be played the challenger, White, will have any the better of the chances. Taylor, we understand, met him kindly in arranging that the first half of the match should be played at mid-Surrey. They generally like to finish these home and home matches on their own green.

## WILD ANIMALS AT HAGGERSTON.—II.

**S**IR E. G. LODER, M. Pays Mellier, the owner of Petilliers, in the Indre et Loire department of France, and Mr. Leyland, all of whom have had wild animals in their parks for many years, adopt different methods of keeping them. At Leonardslee they are entirely free and wild. At Petilliers, M. Pays Mellier's park, some are wild, others kept as in an ordinary "zoo." At Haggerston they were at first allowed to run together; but it was found that this did not answer when such very large animals as the bison were loose among the others. The bison killed some of the antelopes, and there were "upsets" occasionally. So they are now colonised on the paddock system. Where the animals are numerous and large, the paddock is of a size proportioned to their numbers; where they are small, or there are only one or two of them, the paddock diminishes, sometimes to the size of an ordinary "run." Thus the bison park is very large, as may be seen in the photograph; and the wapiti stag, whose splendid proportions are here shown, might be on a flat by the foothills of the Rockies, so little do the boundaries of its range appear. There are sheds and small runs for the fawns and young calves of some of the deer. Others have extensive ranges divided off from the park. At Woburn, where similar experi-



J. S. Bond.

WAPITI STAG.

Copyright

ments have continued for some years on a very large scale, the same graduated system is in use. Wapiti, Japanese deer, nyulghai, and zebra are quite free. Axis and certain other kinds of deer and wild sheep are let run in large paddocks together, and bison, sambur, and various other large deer kept separate in paddocks. This is also necessary to some extent to prevent fights and crosses during the rutting season, and to allow the creatures to become tame. For it must be remembered that though our park deer and fallow deer are used, to seeing people about them, these foreign creatures are really wild animals, and might go almost wild with fright if let loose in a park with people walking to and fro, dogs galloping about, or motor-cars puffing through it. In a recent article in the *Quarterly Review* on "New Beasts for Old Countries," a

list was given of foreign animals which are so far acclimatised in France and England that there is a regular "market

quotation" for them. It is interesting to see how this corresponds with the Haggerston species. The kinds most commonly kept are wapiti, Japanese deer, Indian axis deer, Chinese water deer, hog deer, kangaroos, Bennet's wallaby, and Thar and Barbary sheep. Of these Mr. Leyland's "paradise" holds the first three and the kangaroos. But he has others far less commonly kept, viz., the brindled gnus. These breed there, dropping



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

AXIS DEER.

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their calves at any time, but they can be so managed that these shall be born in May or June. The kangaroos breed at any time, and the bison drop their calves from May to July. The time at which this takes place is very important, for no herbivorous animal can be said to be established in this country which produces its calves in the time of cold and lack of grass, from October till May. The axis deer are not living in entirely natural conditions. Consequently they began by following their Indian habit of calving in December, which in India means after the rains, the time of most grass and herbage; but they already show signs of that wonderful power of adapting themselves to the new seasons which has been noticed in this species elsewhere, and are inclined to change the time of dropping the fawns. Apparently the tendency is to work on from winter calving to early spring. In France those running wild in the forests are said to have completely changed to the normal time of European deer, viz., June and July.

The best of all our new wild animals is the Japanese deer. This is quite established in this country, and is such a favourite in France that there is a good demand for its venison in Paris. In winter it is a dark mouse-coloured "cobby" deer. In summer it is beautifully spotted with white, and the coat changes to bright brown, not unlike that of the axis deer. The Japanese fawn here shown was photographed when only three days old, lying like a hare in its form under the shelter of the woodstack. That the axis deer, the common jungle stag of India, should thrive in the open in Europe is indeed surprising. The group shown in the enclosure are young calves, born at Haggerston, and hinds. The stags are very fine fellows, with larger horns, in proportion to their size, than those of any other stag. In summer they are the most ornamental of any species of deer. The horns look almost ivory white, the white spots on the coat like snowflakes, and the coat itself is golden fawn. The writer forgets if any of these deer are kept at Leonardslee, but inclines to think they are not. At Woburn they hold their own in any company, and they have there the deer of the world to compete with. Kangaroos are so independent of climate that no one would now be surprised to see them in Richmond Park. Doubtless the long time which the young ones are kept in the

"possum fur" like the rugs, and a bushy tail. The writer had a tame one for some time, a most attractive pet, which used to hold a cup, spoon, or egg-cup in its hands to drink out of, and though it had claws on its fingers it had a clawless thumb, which it used just as a man does to grasp objects. It was most affectionate, and as particular to keep itself clean as a cat. Its washing, which was done with its



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

## THE BISON PARK.

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tongue, was a matter of conscience to it, and it was always trying to lick the setters' faces to make them extra clean. As to do this it tried to hold their noses tight in its sharp little claws, they disliked the attention, though they submitted to it with what an eminent writer once termed "sombre acquiescence."

C. J. CORNISH.

## RACING NOTES.

THE last few days have proved full of disasters both to man and beast. In addition to the death of Hidden Mystery, which we discussed fully last week, the Duke of Westminster, who, I believe, intends following the late Duke's example and keeping quite a large string of horses, has had the misfortune to lose Ballyhack, quite a useful horse, while Sitric, who fell in the same race, was destroyed within a few hours. Rumour has been floating about to the effect that the Duke of Westminster has bought Model, but this, I happen to know, is a mistake. Model has been sold, but to Mr. W. H. Pawson, who has for some time been trying to find a suitable mount to take him round the National course. That he will get round is very likely, but that he will show up at all prominently I cannot

bring myself to believe. To return to the disasters. The last and most serious was the death of poor Clare, over whom B'a rolled on Saturday week, breaking seven ribs and setting up severe internal hemorrhage. In addition to this, Driscoll was badly laid out at Kempton when Hornpool fell, and the amulance arrangements at that fashionable meeting were so complete that it was over a quarter of an hour before—according to the evidence of a reliable eye-witness—three policemen arrived, having proceeded from the paddock at a slow and dignified walk, the fact that a severe hailstorm was proceeding at the moment not being sufficient to persuade them to get to the injured man at any less orthodox pace. As a humane performance this really stands high, and goes far to prove the point which I have already contended in these notes, that the most fashionable and the richest meetings are not of necessity the most interested in the welfare and comfort of the people who enable them to earn their dividends. E. Morgan is also temporarily disabled with a broken collar-bone, and Luke Bland, I am sorry to hear, is no better this week, but, on the contrary, rather worse.

Writers on the subject of racing have complained so frequently about the "open ditch," as it is known to jockeys, and more especially at Sandown as "the grave," that any more remarks on the same subject are, perhaps, apt to be regarded as superfluous, but with the vain hope that constant reiteration may wear away the stone a little, I make no apology for bringing forward this evergreen subject. And what I want to know, in company with many others, including those unfortunates whose daily duty compels them to ride over or into "the grave," is: "What is the particular advantage of this fence; in what



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## JAPANESE FAWN.

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mother's pouch greatly helps them to endure cold and wet. Another marsupial has been introduced into New Zealand with some success, and might easily be established here if it were worth while. This is the black phalanger, or opossum, of Tasmania. It is not really black, but a beautiful dark brown, with black tips to the fur. It is a charming little animal, about as large as a cat, with a pink nose, beautiful eyes, regular



way does it satisfy the authorities of the National Hunt Committee that a horse is the better for being able to get over it; and where is the balancing recompense to be found which shall weigh down the other side of the scale containing death and disablement among its weights?" Sandown has been more unfortunate than other meetings in the matter of accidents, for it is not so many years since the first of the following list of killed met his death—Mr. I. Goodwin, Captain Boyce, Captain Cole, D. Clare, and I think, but about this I dare not speak in absolute conviction when I have not referred to the "book," "Bill" Sensier. A gruesome list, in very truth, and it is hard to see how anybody who reads it can object to any measure which should diminish, however slightly, the dangers of steeple-chasing.

I find that I have been a little premature in my remarks about Lord Denman. It is true that he is back in England, but there are various reasons which debar him from riding in the immediate future. For one thing, he is only just recovering from a bad attack of dysentery, and for another, the wound in his thigh which he received in South Africa is far from healed up. I wonder whether we shall ever see the Duke of Westminster riding "over jumps." From what I remember of his horsemanship when he used to turn out with the Oxford Drag in 1897, or thereabouts, he would not be likely to fall about as long as his horse stood up, and the rest is to a certain extent easily acquired. At any rate, a National Hunt flat race would not be very dangerous, and the more gentleman riders that turn out, the better for the credit and the well-being of National Hunt fixtures.

Much fuss has been made and many hopes have been raised, and I believe—though this is really outside the scope of these notes—that a good deal of money has been put down, in consequence of Levanter's victory on Saturday at Hurst Park, but when the race is dissected in cold blood it is difficult to see why. In the capable hands of Mason, Levanter just got home from Zodiac, with old Nepcote as a bad third, and only these completed the course. Those connected with Levanter must be very sanguine people if they are satisfied to build their hopes on a mediocre success of this kind, although it proves the very thing about which I was doubtful. It shows us that Levanter must have abandoned the habits of the kangaroo in favour of the less showy English method of jumping. Certainly his chance, as I said before, must be considered seriously; but a victory of this kind cannot, by cautious people, be twisted into an omen of success; or, at any rate, into anything more than an omen.

"They do these things better in France." Indeed they do. How do these figures, which represent the sum obtained by the winners of the big French race,



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HAGGERSTON: RED KANGAROO.

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method who last year excused their misdeeds on the score of incapacity. It is possible that this may be only a coincidence, but I have my doubts, and I trust that the American riders will take this rather broad hint, and mend their ways. For without doubt the English racing public were ready and willing to welcome them with open arms when they first arrived. Any feeling against them now is due entirely to their unsportsmanlike methods. Should they profit by their experience on the English turf the *morale* of the American racing world may possibly benefit by it. In which case there would be a distinct gain to both countries, for it cannot be denied that our jockeys have learned something from them, and whether it be possible to train a horse by the watch or not, the American jockey, as we have seen him, is certainly a better judge of pace than his English rival. To this probably more than to the crouching seat is due the success which they have gained in this country. At any rate, we trust that the bicycle scorning attitude will not become fashionable. BUCEPHALUS.



C. Reid.

MALE WILDEBEEST.

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compare with our corresponding fixture: The English Derby, £5,450; The French Derby, £7,492? This is not the only instance in which the French stakes are considerably larger than ours are. Where can we find English races of anything like the value of the following: The Grand Prix of Paris, £10,228; the Grand Steeplechase of Paris, £4,800, and a £400 cup; the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil, £2,672, making an aggregate of £18,100 for three races, which is far in advance of anything which we can offer? Small wonder, then, that some of our owners keep their National horses for the big hurdle race in France.

The Americans are with us, talking loud and long about what they are going to do, after their manner, and, curiously enough, a very useful and important notice appears this week in the *Racing Calendar*, wherein attention is called to Rule 140, which deals with "crossing, bumping, and reckless riding in general." Evidently the powers that be have made up their minds that a little warning of this sort was very necessary to those exponents of the American

## MARCH RIOT.

COME! the wind's driving over the hill,  
All the world's stirring, nothing is still;  
The grey clouds are flocking,  
The bare woods are rocking,  
The foam is flung up from the furious mill,  
And, like ripples that ruffle the tremulous rill,  
The meadow-grass shivers,  
The moorland gorse quivers;  
Branches are crashing,  
The waters are lashing,  
And the rook is hurled headlong; nothing is still!  
Nothing is still, nothing is still—  
Come! the wind's driving over the hill.

Come! the wind's driving over the hill,  
All the world's stirring, nothing is still;  
Nothing is quiet,  
All is March riot—  
Bluster of breezes, infuriate, shrill.  
O, come away!  
There is joy for to-day;  
Sorrow is powerless, grief cannot weigh;  
Come away, come away!  
The grey clouds are flocking,  
The bare woods are rocking,  
The meadow-grass shivers,  
The moorland gorse quivers,  
The lakes are all seas, and the brooks are all rivers,  
Branches are crashing,  
The waters are lashing.  
Come away, come away!  
Drink the wind, and the spray,  
Give your mind to the storm for to-day, for to-day!  
Summer will parch,  
It is March! It is March!  
O, the madness! the thrill! Nothing is still!  
Nothing is still, nothing is still—  
Come! the wind's driving over the hill!

HAROLD BEGBIE.

## THE SIX EDWARDS.

GREAT is the name of the Edwards in the history of the land they have ruled. Good kings and true, cast in a larger mould were the chief of them, men wise in counsel and valiant in war. There grew up, through their political capacity and discernment, the ordered realm, the legislature, the jurisprudence, and the freedom we value in the constitution of the State to-day. Under them our England became an island State, fitted to be the mother of the distant lands which the Seventh Edward rules with a wider sway. There had been Edwards in England centuries before the long-limbed son of Henry III. took for his motto and device the noble words, "Keep troth." Let us call them, with the new historians, our earlier "Eadwards." There was the Elder Eadward, who, in his father Alfred's days, pursued the Danes to the West, and smote them by the Severn, and who, later on, as king, carried the splendour of his arms northward through Northumbria to Strathclyde. There was the young and martyred Eadward; and, greater than any, the austere figure of the Confessor—the old king about whom tender memories gathered, when Englishmen, crushed under the iron heel of the Normans, turned with passionate love to the life and the rule that had gone for evermore.

But the true predecessors of His present Majesty, bearing his name of Edward, were the Plantagenets, and chief and greatest among them that truly national king, Edward I. The hearts of the Henries had not been wholly, nor always mainly, with their English subjects; but, when the First Edward placed the crown upon his brow, it is perhaps not going too far to say that we had, after the Conquest, our first truly English king. We can picture him yet, with his voice like a trumpet, marching upon the kingly stage. Men recognised in his aspect something of his English character, and he was more English than his yellow hair betokened. He had inherited a tall, active figure, and had the bearing and the manner of a soldier, being capable both in action and in endurance. He had all the gallantry and love of pleasure that came from his sires, but he added qualities which none of them—save, perhaps, Henry II.—had possessed. Chivalry and romance held their sway in his imagination, and not in his reign was it given to the hard-working craftsman to rise in the State. Yet Edward's was a generous and manly character, strong, courageous, and noble, and his just rule prepared the way for the social changes that followed. His subjects learned with admiration how he had met that huge knight, Sir Adam Gurdon, and had conquered him in single combat. They knew how, in his Welsh campaigns, he had shared all the hardships of his soldiers, scorning to accept comforts which could not be

theirs. They had found him imperious and stubborn, with all the tenacity of the Plantagenets in him, but laborious in his royal duties, and unselfish, temperate, and reverent in his life. There was in him truly the finer quality of the man. It was marked by his passionate love for the queen, by the tender devotion with which he erected crosses at the places where her bier had rested, that men might remember her goodness, and utter prayers for her soul. It was marked again in his latter days, when he declared that no man had ever asked mercy of him and been refused. They could note also the same character found in his temperance in victory, as in the treatment which he meted out to the subjected Welsh.

But Edward was not the man to brook rebellion or ingratitude. When his mildness was abused he was very swift and vigorous in retribution, and thus, by a combination of military strength and statesmanlike sagacity, he removed the Welsh thorn from the English side. It was by something of a stroke of genius that he made his son a Welshman, to be hailed with delight and proclaimed with enthusiasm as Prince of Wales, even as if the proclamation had betokened independence restored. When Edward had pacified Wales, and had undertaken the honourable office of arbiter among foreign kings, he turned to Scotland, which, with penetrating judgment, he knew must yet become part of the English realm. The story of his conquest shall not be told here. "Malleus Scotorum," he was called, and his triumph was complete, but it was only the preliminary to his policy of knitting the two countries together by kingly clemency and wise administration. It was the United Kingdom that Edward foresaw.

But what Englishmen recognised most in the King was his profound love for constitutional order, his unflin-

ing respect for national tradition, and his instinct for good government, all things in which he was the true precursor of his seventh successor. To him we owe our Parliament, and, in a large measure, our system of justice, and it is from his time that we date the broad conditions of our national life. But the King's love for justice, and his high estimation of the kingly position were those of a feudal monarch, and it was peculiarly typical of his dogged tenacity in the matter of rights, real or assumed, that he clung, to the last, to the hope of refusing the Barons' demand for the confirmation of the charters, and to the power of levying supplies without the consent of the realm.

*Magni nominis umbra*, we might say of his successor. The shadow of a great name truly was Edward II., and the weakest of all the Plantagenets, though inheriting much of their intellectual capacity, and distinguished by many of their qualities. The purpose of his whole life was to break the



KING EDWARD I.



strength of the Baronage, and it may be said that in his reign the British constitution was being hammered on the anvil. His life was a long conflict devoid of nobility, and he was defeated in the end. Surrounding himself with foreign favourites, he had shown no kingly vigour, and his reign was clouded by the disaster of Bannockburn and the undoing of the work which his father had accomplished. But it deserves to be noted of his



EDWARD II.

time that the quarrel between the King and the Barons was laid aside in the presence of a common danger, and that all England was welded together for the struggle with the Scots. And then, in "a plain black gown," did the deposed Edward walk from the kingly stage, to be foully done to death in public oblivion.

Turn we now to another strong Edward. What a picture is that which Froissart has left us of Edward III. sailing the narrow seas, keeping his place on deck in his black velvet coat, and with the seemly black beaver hat on his head, while Sir John Chandos sang the songs he had heard in the camps of Germany. It is in this wise that we look upon our third Edward as the king who claimed, and for a time exercised, the sovereignty of the seas. "If that you will England win, then with Scotland first begin," sang the old rhymster. The fierce national hatred which had already grown up between the English and the French was fanned into a flame by the help which the latter rendered to the Scotch, and it was owing to the intrigues of the time that Edward at last raised his country to a height of naval and military splendour which it had never known before. The great victory of Sluys in 1340, which protected our shores from invasion, was the prelude to the famous action of Crécy, which revealed to astonished Europe the existence of a great military power. Poitiers, which followed, raised Edward to a supreme height of military glory, for he had won the greatest triumphs of the age, and the hopes of France had been dashed by the unexpected blow.

In his accomplishments and character, Edward was a true Plantagenet. He had been carefully trained from his youth, and was a man of the world and society, who could converse well, and enter into the fashionable pursuits of his time, while preserving all the dignity of the king. At the conclusion of some tournament his subjects would burst into transports of applause when they discovered that some unknown knight, whose prowess they had admired, proved to be their sovereign.

His astonishing victories showed him to be a general of high ability and dazzled the eyes of his subjects and of foreigners, and if his gigantic efforts did not accomplish their specific end, they had the result of making England secure.

We discern in Edward III. many of the qualities of his grandfather. There was the same or even a greater inflexibility, informed with a tinge of ruthless determination, but it was subject to a spirit of romantic chivalry that deprived it of its sting. The famous picture of old Eustache de St. Pierre—which Rodin has immortalised in sculpture—coming out to victorious Edward with the keys of Calais, was one of the most striking episodes of the age. With his five companions he knelt and said, "Gentle King, here be we six who have been of the old townspeople of Calais, and great merchants also, and we bring you the keys of the town and castle, and give them to your pleasure. We thus place ourselves before you, subject to your will, that the remnant of the people who have suffered much may be saved. So may you have pity and mercy on us for your high nobleness' sake." But Calais was a pirate stronghold, which had wrought heavy damage to the King's merchantmen, and his heart was hard against the petitioners. There seemed for them no salvation, and not Sir Walter Manny, nor any knight there, could change the countenance of the King. "Call the headsman! They of Calais have made so many of my men die, they must die themselves!" But it was the Queen who changed the heart of her lord. Before her gentle weeping face his pitiless resolve melted away. Here we recognise the hereditary character of a Plantagenet, and in Edward III. the true descendant of his grandsire.

In the Fourth Edward, something of like character is found. He embodied certain of the qualities of the first three kings of his name. He was subtle and cruel, it is true, and voluptuous indolence was his bane. But all his apparent carelessness and light-hearted gaiety, all his winning manner, concealed his



EDWARD III.

profound political sagacity directed to an autocratic end. His imprudent marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey estranged him from the Barons, and in a measure from his subjects, and when the breach with Warwick widened, his popularity waned, and discontent rose in the country. But Edward might well have reigned long and prosperously if self-indulgence had not enervated him, and deprived him of the support and confidence which

the people were ever ready to give to the throne. Yet he was probably the most accomplished man, and the handsomest, of his age. He valued kingship as much as any of his predecessors, and was magnificent in his life, but directed his energies towards magnifying the power of the Crown—not as we understand it now—but to the depreciation of the power of Parliament. Indeed the Fourth Edward was a strange mixture of many qualities. He was cruel and unforgiving, suspicious and hard; he was a man of keen business capacity, who embarked largely upon foreign trade; he was a scholar of much learning, and the history of his reign is marked by great intellectual progress; and it has been remarked that Edward, the founder of the new despotism, has a claim to our regard as the patron of Caxton. It is pleasing to record of him that he died directing that full restitution should be made to all whom he might have wronged, or from whom he had extorted money under the name of benevolence. It was the same power of raising supplies without the consent of Parliament, to which Edward I. had clung.

The shadowy figure of the boy Edward V. did not linger long upon the kingly stage. The youth was the sport of the



EDWARD IV.

fierce rivalries and daring ambitions of others, and he perished with his brother, York, in the Tower, for which dastardly murder posterity has execrated the name of Richard III. But the crime was shrouded in mystery, and the real truth may never be known. It is worth while here, however, to recall the fact that in the *English Historical Review* of April, 1891, Sir Clements Markham strongly argued in favour of the innocence of Richard, and his conclusions in his "Doubtful Verdict Reviewed" deserve consideration.

And now we reach the last of the Edwards of old England—the boy Edward VI., child of a strange unhappy union, who came to the throne in a time of change, when the intellectual horizon of men was being widened, and when the conflict between old and new ideals was fiercely waged. Careful education, and even laborious teaching, had done much to give the boy a strange precocity. In abilities, he was certainly equal, and probably superior, to most youths of his age, and his industry had well repaid the solicitude of his teachers. So much we may say of Edward VI. Those who had surrounded his youth had filled him with something of the fire of a zealot, and had even



EDWARD V.

inspired him to an unwarrantable plan of setting aside the rights of his sisters. The design of placing Lady Jane Grey upon the throne, dictated by Northumberland, would have annulled both the statute of succession and the will of the King's father, but it aroused the opposition of the people, and even the Protestant Londoners were resolute in their opposition to the unconstitutional plan. It would be unfair to blame young Edward VI. for this crucial error, for he was at the time the tool of older men, and had little real volition of his own. Extravagant praise has been lavished upon him by many admirers, and we may cheerfully recognise that he possessed excellent moral and intellectual qualities, and might, if he had



EDWARD VI.



lived, have developed into a strong king. But it is not easy, in writing of Edward VI., to distinguish the pupil from the master, nor is it necessary to believe that a boy of twelve or fourteen would, in a council of hoary statesmen, give utterance to decisions of weighty sagacity, unless he had been prompted by those of longer years. Indeed, Edward responded in a manner that was extraordinary to the efforts of his inspirers; and we think of him with a certain melancholy as a boy to whom many truly kingly opportunities were denied.

"Time hath its revolutions," says an old English writer. "There must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*; an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene. And why not of nobles and of kings? for where is

Bohun? where is Mowbray? where is Mortimer? Nay, where is, more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality." Gone they all are, these old Edwards of England; but the king never dies. It is a maxim among us, and happily we still have an Edward. We have a worthy successor to the best of the Plantagenets—a ruler fitted in every way to be a king. As much a respecter of law and order is Edward VII. as was Edward I., and, in a larger age, as keenly interested in the state of his country and the development of his Empire as any of the other Edwards could have been; as closely in touch with the intellectual life of the land as any Plantagenet or Tudor of them all.

JOHN LEYLAND.



## BOOK IV.—LOVE'S VICTORY.

### CHAPTER V.

DROGO DE BARANTIN.

MEANTIME in Gouray life went sadly.

Karadac, more silent, more withdrawn, dwelt in a lonely turret, where even on quiet afternoons the wind cried with ceaseless melancholy pipe, the cry which suggests things past even to careless ears.

Things past—there lay the horror and the sting! He was a man bereaved, but with a loss more complete than death had ever made it. Robbed alike of past and future, he had naught to hope for, nothing to regret. Could he regret or hope again to meet that which had never been? He had desired love the beautiful, and found it—held in his arms a fulfilment of his long dreams of youth and manhood—his wife! One hour he held her, a warm breathing presence whispering words of love in that dear haunting voice; the next he knew himself for evermore alone. His Algitha had no existence under Heaven. One like to her indeed was Goyault's wife, but that fair woman with the sweet high voice was not her whom he had loved. The long waves had called out a message in those lost summer afternoons to him and her—a message, that Goyault's wife could never understand—the flush and smell of rain, new-fallen, was a rejoicing to them both; their souls had thrilled to the same deep wordless touch; between them had been no need of speech in their most influenced hours. Such was the love who had been born and who had died mysteriously in his days of darkness. For behold, when his eyes were opened, he had seen a face like hers but yet despairingly unlike, and found her voice robbed of its linked associations, therefore no longer hers.

Gundred! The whole tissue of her falsehood and her wearying love drove from him hopelessly the thought that in her dwelt the soul he had companioned with in those charmed hours. Doubly bereaved by the cruel mockery of a love, his Algitha—for so he called her still—was not any living thing, but a body and a soul divorced one from the other. The monstrous thought weighed on him like some evil dream from which he could not waken.

Gundred dwelt also at the Castle, surrounded at her lord's desire by all honour and ceremony befitting her estate. Attired with splendour, moving as a queen, she passed her days fulfilling all the duties which clustered about her as the Count's wife, but always friendless and apart, carrying her stricken heart hidden from the world. Yet she was not as Karadac, all comfortless; in her harder moments a secret pride was hers; all was over now, but Karadac had been her lover and was still her lord.

But even this comfort died because of her great love. She shrank from sight of Karadac, but when they met by chance, his altering visage smote her with a fresh remorse. She was free to gaze upon him, for that first look in the tent by Gros-Nez had also been the last between them. He passed her with averted

eyes, aye, and she had marked a little rounding of the shoulders, as one who dreads a blow, when her voice fell by chance upon his ears.

Long nights, short days, and so the darkest of that sad winter wore away.

Spring comes early to those blessed islands, kissed into life by the warm lips of the great wandering tropic stream. 'Twas scarcely yet the second month of the new year, but flowers were thrusting upwards through the grass, and buds showed on the wild-rose briars in the pleasaunce. About this time the austere aspect of the Count grew harsher, and Gundred felt the burden of his hate too heavy to be borne. Her courage failed at last; she only craved for some solitary place where she might wear her sorrow openly.

Therefore, through Tonstain, she was fain to ask her lord's permission to leave the Castle for a time. But Tonstain, perhaps with a belief that, if the two could come at speech again with one another, things might yet go well, so altered the tenor of the message that Karadac, though openly reluctant, sought the presence of his wife.

They met at the door of the chapel, where Gundred was now wont to pass long hours.

"You have sent for me, lady. What would you?"

She fell back with a smothered cry.

"Nay, my lord, I would not so trouble you. Tonstain carried my request."

Her eyes were on the ground, but her voice moved him, first as a sacred memory moves a man, then with an irrational sense of outrage as though Gundred had usurped those tender tones.

"What was your request, lady?"

His estranged courtesy made her bold.

"I would go to Rozel, my lord, and thence to the Abbey of St. Michael on the Mount to pray at the sacred shrine. I beseech you let me go, for my life is scarce to be endured!"

"Our lives are oftenest what we make them," he answered harshly. "But go, lady; your pleasure is my will."

"Nay, lord Karadac"—then checked herself, for a darkness gloomed upon his brow, and few dared to face that thunderous wrath. "I go. Farewell!" And so they parted.

Since her return to Gouray, Gundred had prevailed upon Sir Drogo to remain much at his own seigneurie of Rozel, urging that a careless word might ruin all her happiness. Therefore now that she was returned again beneath his roof, he took much note of all her looks and moods, peering at her in his monkey fashion with sad eyes, but gathered little to comfort him therefrom.

At length she told him of her intended pilgrimage to the Abbey of St. Michael on the Mount. And to that he answered but by a single question.

"And when do you return to your lord's side?"

"I know not!" she cried out in a sudden break of bitterness. "Never, perchance! Father, I would dwell with you."

Thus it came to pass that the Sieur Drogo de Barantin left his home alone and secretly on a blustering day, but reached Mont Orgueil with half a score of retainers at his back and no small pomp of ceremony. There he clanged loudly on the Castle gate and demanded audience of the Count of Gersay, which Karadac accorded him, wondering somewhat, but anxious to show him courtesy that none might find room for evil rendering of Gundred's absence.

Drogo raised his visor, and those who stood by saw he was charged with a matter ponderous in his own eyes.

"I come hither on behalf of the Lady Gundred," he began, and an irrepressible closing in of eager hearers followed on the words.

But here Karadac intervened.

"No more, good Drogo, until we two are alone. Since the matter concerns my wife, I will confer with you in private. Sirs, will you leave us."

But Drogo, timorous of the Count's harsh mien, clutched at the long sleeve of Tonstain as he passed.

"Stay, then, good Tonstain, I would not be alone with him!"

Which Karadac overheard, and smiling his grim smile, said:

"Remain, Sieur de Grouville," and in the hustling of departing feet he added, "There is little of our most near affairs but you have close knowledge of! Has the Lady Gundred sent you, Sir Drogo?"

"Nay, lord Count, your lady is too sorrowful for many words. She knows not of my coming." Drogo met Karadac's frown, and was shaken out of all self-complacency. What he would have said he knew not; the only words that sprang upon his lips shook him with the horror of their echo. "Count Karadac, your wife—your wife hath been most villainously wronged!"

"Wronged! What mean you?" Karadac asked sharply.

"She has been made unhappy!" gasped Drogo, and stopped.

Karadac turned away and paced up the long hall, and Tonstain, whispering into Drogo's ear, said:

"Speak openly; fear nothing."

"Has she complained of her unhappiness?" Karadac swung round.

"Is there need of words to those who look on that sad countenance? She droops and weeps and prays. Those who pray much are seldom happy." Drogo shook his head, approving his own wisdom. "Why is she driven from your side?"

"Nay, she entreated that she might go to the Abbey of St. Michael."

"And you said aye!" cried out the little knight, aghast.

"I would fain please her."

"Please her! Have you pleased her here, where by your neglect she has become the scoff of every scurvy tongue and wanton eye? And now forsooth you bid her go to the Abbey of St. Michael on the Mount, across those quaking quicksands, where ships and live trees are swallowed up! Have you no care for her who loved you when you scorned her?" Drogo's tongue, once loose, was hard to check; half-terrified and half-solicitous he ran on: "She, who nursed you back to life, and made herself a sacrifice to fools that you might clasp your fancied Algitha in your fevered arms! She hath loved you through all this brainsick folly, for the which they tell me you despise her! Is this your boasted chivalry, lord Count?"

"You forget, Sir Drogo, that I was bitterly deceived."

"Deceived?—to take into your arms a noble lady, of good Gersay blood, instead of one who has well been called a witch!"

"Silence!" thundered Karadac; "we have no speech here of any lady but—my wife."

Drogo sniffed nervously; but the stream of words overflowed again.

"Nay, I say nothing; she may be innocent, but she has been exiled from the island," he went on, resentfully. "And is my Gundred also to be driven forth as too ill-favoured for her lord's fantasies? Has she not felt the bitter hurt, think you, nor caught the smile of those who wait upon her yet know she is despised?"

"What is this you say?"

"Nay, hear me out. You have sent her forth—be it at her own desire or yours, I care not—you have sent her forth upon a journey full of strange dangers. Lord Karadac, if you care nothing for her life, have you forgot the life she bears with her—the child, your child, which should be born to carry your great name down to generations yet to come? Would you that, too, were buried in the wild marshes under Michael's Mount?"

He ceased for lack of breath. And Karadac stood like one stricken before him, only the black eyes searched the wizened monkey face for proof of this undreamed-of consummation.

"My child!" the Count spoke softly.

"Aye, 'tis even so."

Karadac moved from them and paced to and fro. "My child!" the words rang in his brain. That Algitha whom he had dreamed of in the forest through those happy days of blindness! Algitha! His heart leapt at the name and sank dead. Algitha and Gundred, the fatal juggle that had left his life defeated.

His child! The thought touched him; but with it came no softening towards Gundred. Yet—he yearned for that lost Algitha, pure, young, and fair, made all of love and for love, who was, alas, he knew it, but an empty name!

A bitter tide of memories rose up and ebbed; and while he still brooded, Drogo's impatience broke in upon him.

"Gundred shall return—is it my lord's wish?"

The Count stood still. Gundred's return. How should he meet her now? how shield her from the contempt that falls upon a wife ill-favoured and unloved? how give her due consideration, since he could not alter the manner of his life nor offer to her love?

Stay! he could not be her lover, but was he not her knight? A quick glow lit up his dark visage, and Tonstain, marking it, wondered what would come.

"Drogo," the Count stepped down to them and laid his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder, "pray my Lady Gundred to return, for I will proclaim a tournament whereat I shall uphold my lady's beauty against all comers."

Drogo shot out a disappointed lip. "And if my lord should fall, it will be poor comfort for his widow!"

"Fall?" Karadac laughed aloud, and Tonstain liked ill the echo of that laugh. "Nay, but I must live and conquer for my lady's sake, to prove her uttermost supremacy."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TOWER IN THE SEA.

GOYAULT stood upon the blowing seagrass beneath the naked tower, and watched the long rising swell roll past him to crash in breakers on the bay's circling sands. Algitha had told him nothing yet of the ruin wrought at Gros-Nez, and from their islet they could not see its towers, for between them rose the jagged cliffs of Grande Etaquerel and the uplands running northwards.

Daily the monotony of his banishment weighed more heavily upon Goyault. He lived within so circumscribed a world—a few tussocks, a naked tower, a rood of weed-grown rock when the tides ebbed lowest—nothing more. The wild seabirds that flew above his head vexed him to a quick envy. The gorged cormorants, nodding on outlying reefs and points of crag, were free to come and go, while he alone was chained to his own rock and tower.

The evening waned with lonely calls of curlew on the beach, and the voice of water sobbing round his isle. And Goyault's heart was hot within him; it seemed as though the limit had been reached, he could endure no more. Once, on the morning of a winter day, some three weeks gone, had this same rebellion raged within him when he heard a horn blowing about the downs, and knew that Karadac was hunting on his lands within the seigneurie of Saint Ouen. A boat came from the shore that day, but Goyault hid himself, and could not look upon the men who knew him to be so fallen.

Since then another trouble had been growing on him. For Algitha seemed to fail in their bleak home. Pale and heavy-eyed, she moved beside him, answering him with her loving smile; but the smile was wan, and often she was lost in mournful reverie.

The sea and sky stretched out to the horizons mocked Goyault. Was he a coward, that for the sake of those grey towers upon a headland waste he thrust away the thought of liberty!

To him came Algitha in the dying lights, and found him flung face downwards on the grass, his hands clutched in its wiry stems. She read his mood, the final frenzy of the captive, and raised her eyes to Heaven.

"One day more, one little day, and then he shall know all," she whispered in her own heart; and kneeling down she touched him lovingly.

He raised himself and drew her down beside him.

"Dear heart," he said, "we must escape. I cannot see the light grow dim in these sweet eyes. And yet—Gros-Nez."

"Goyault," she faltered, "Karadac has wrecked your Castle."

He sprang to his feet.

"When heard you this?"

"A boatman told me—some time past."

"What said he?" She scarcely knew the voice; it had a tone she could not understand.

She rose too, trembling.

"He said some bitter words, Goyault. 'The bats chirp already in the broken corners of the walls, the wild cat nests on your hearthstones, and the wind cries lonely through your roofless towers!'"

A bitter sound of cursing followed as Goyault raged in hate against his liege.

"My Castle, in which my race have dwelt through the long years! Now truly has Karadac left naught undone to shrieve me of my oaths. I will go and fling defiance in his face and pluck forth his cursed life! Come, Algitha, we will build the beacon fire upon the tower. When Gilles, or some other of my own



people see the blaze, they will launch out to succour us. Come!"

But Alghitha, gone white as death, clung to him.

"Not yet, not yet, Goyault; give us one more day of safety and of peace!"

"A day more or less, what matters? Let us hasten, my revenge can never come too soon."

Yet Alghitha besought him, and—for he still refused—with tears. Then Goyault, wrought to a height of rage and bitterness, gazed strangely on her.

"I do remember, Alghitha, that this accursed Count held you within his arms, and kissed you in that embrace."

"Aye; but, my lord, think not of that. Seek him no more, but let us fly to Normandy, and lay our suit before the Duke."

"Would you save him from my just anger? Did your heart turn traitor in you, and lean to him in love upon that kiss?"

Had she made excuse, or wasted breath in protestations, it may be that the man, in the mad spirit of his jealousy, would still have spurned her in unbelief; but Alghitha, all broken by woe and long anxiety, had no place for pride or womanly resentment left in her; only in a quiet of despair she stood before him, her hands dropped to her sides.

"Alas, Goyault, for I have loved you!"

Then, in the wild revulsion of his mood, he had her in his arms, pleading for her forgiveness, and wasting all his heart in love.

"Why have you delayed to tell me this, beloved?"

"Because I feared," she answered; "and I have more to tell. But oh, dear lord, I do beseech you, here upon my knees, battle not with Karadac!"

"More to tell—what is this further news?"

"The Count has sent forth a challenge unto you and to all knights to meet him in the lists, where he will maintain the beauty of his lady as the fairest fair against whosoever dares dispute it."

Goyault threw back his head, and laughed out bitterly.

"Gundred the beautiful!

Gundred the fairest fair! In truth, Karadac has a mean excuse for mighty courage. Come, let us light the beacon; I cannot disregard a challenge which calls my lady's loveliness into question. Gundred the fairest fair!" He laughed again, till his sadness dropped from him in the glad hope of action.

"Not to-night, Goyault."

"There is some other hidden reason here," he cried impatiently. "I will hear all, and so be done with it. Where have you learned of late to keep this close reserve? I scarce can find due explanation of it," he cried in anger.

"To-morrow the lists are set beneath your own wrecked Castle of Gros-Nez," she answered, desperately, "and I am fain to save you."

"Fain to save me? Know you not this encounter is what I seek?"

"Oh, Goyault, I am afraid for you!"

"Lady mine," he said, coldly, "your mind has grown distraught in this lone exile."

"No, no; but I see a fate in the dark Count's eyes, and I am afraid. Did I fear for you when you overthrew Morlaix in Grenezay?"

Nay; but here is one who communes with the unseen, who wanders lonely by haunted hills, who can call strange powers to his aid. Oh, Goyault, do not go!"

"And be for ever shamed? Lady, I love you too well to let the challenge pass. Karadac is but a man as I am. To-morrow I will ride out to meet him in the lists and prove it by my lance. I will set us free from the shackles that have bound us. Free again—oh, to be once more free!"

With that he turned and climbed to the tower's height, and in the singing sea-breeze built a fire, Alghitha helping him.

After that there was nothing more to do than wait for darkness, which to Goyault seemed never so long delayed. But night settled over all at last. Then from the beacon the flames rose upwards, twisting and leaping clear against a void of gloom.

And Goyault, as the answering signal tarried, was full of joyous expectation.

"Here will we return no more," he said, "save, perchance, in some far-off happy time when we sail back to Gersay, then come again to look upon our rock and tower for memory's sake."

Night came, and the fire flaring to full brightness thereafter died slowly down, for they had no fuel more to feed it. Yet none made answer from the shore, and no boat steered through the darkness to their aid. For all the dunes were desolate, the few dwellers there being gone to Gros-Nez to see the barriers built about the lists for the Count's great tournament.

Goyault still held to hope, knowing his people's faithfulness; but the last glow died, and the fire fell together into ashes.

Still he waited for release, and there waiting the dawn found him.

(To be continued.)

## THE GIPSY.

NINE men out of ten, I believe—and possibly the proportion is true of women, too—have the same emotions succeeding each other at sight of the gipsy and his caravan: first an emotion of envious longing to be gipsies, too; and, secondly, of gratitude that they are not. The regret, the longing for the gipsy life, comes first, because all the "connotation," as the logic-mongers say, all that the word and idea of "gipsy" suggests—the wild, free life, and the rest of it—occurs to the mind first, before it has time to come to a halting consideration of the squalor and discomfort that the closer sight of these folk and their travelling homes suggests. There is an "eternal child," as someone has said very prettily, living deep down in the hearts even of the oldest and most worldly of us, that always asks to be taken hand in hand with the gipsies down the leafy glades. But a further



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THE GIPSY CAMP.

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look at their lives shows that to most of us their lives would be too hard to be endurable, with too little shelter and warmth and food. It is only the swells among the gipsies that have caravans—a caravan gipsy corresponds to a householder in Berkeley or Grosvenor Square; the majority have the improvised tents that we see in these pictures. And they do not feel the cold. They do not envy the swells in Berkeley or Grosvenor Square, for life within doors stifles them. This is not a metaphorical way of saying the thing—it is a fact. Doctors have given it as their deliberate opinion that the lungs of the gipsy who for years and for generations has breathed in the open air of heaven are seriously affected by the confined air of a house. We must believe it, more or less, because it is incredible—too incredible to be stated unless it were true.

We are commonly accustomed to associate gipsies with horse-coping and fortune-telling, and these are in fact two of their staple industries; but they have a third—that of working in metal. No one knows whence the gipsies came. The learned have argued the hard case up and down, but come to no conclusion, or else to so many and such contradictory conclusions as to leave your mind quite without bias at the end of your study of them. But this much appears generally conceded, that they came from the East, that their dialect, the famous *Romani un chiv*, is related to the ancient Sanskrit, that they have been workers in metals since days that are almost too old to be historical. Therefore they were of low caste, in the land of caste, for this metal-work is the work that belongs to a low caste. They spent some time in Greece, for their dialect has many Grecian words, or else it is that they gave the Greeks some of their own dialect words for things connected with metal-work. And Sir John Lubbock sums them up pleasantly as a race of small-handed people, workers in metal, from the East. This trait of the small-handedness seems to give them a touch of aristocracy, to our Western way of thinking, but is, of course, an inheritance from the East.

The picture of THE GIPSY CAMP is typical enough, and not the least typical, perhaps, is the enjoyment of the *dolce far niente* of the young gentleman leaning against the tree trunk on the left. His attitude is typical of a people to whom idleness is the height of luxury which does not pall with frequent indulgence, and the beautiful big buttons that adorn his coat are very characteristic of the gipsy "masher's" notions of what is *chic*. But yet more typical is the picture of the GIPSIES AND DONKEY, typical of the young man, in the pride of his loafing youth, of the young woman, with the pathos that we see so often



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GIPSIES AND DONKEY.

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in the fine eyes of the gipsy, and typical of the pathetic and yet rather dreadful and uncanny old age of the crone seated before her kettle, ready to tell your fortune with glib tongue.

There is but one other race in the world—the Jewish—that shows such attachment to its traditions, such an individuality and power of resisting amalgamation with the nations among whom it sojourns, as the gipsy, and everywhere the gipsies keep their dialect. They borrow words from the countries of their adoption, but from Brazil, the chief home of gipsies in the Western Hemisphere, to Asia Minor, and all over the European continent, we are led to believe that the gipsies could converse with each other easily in their most ancient tongue. Seemingly as careless as the beasts of the forest, they show a conservatism of language that is really one of the wonders of human history, and finds its only parallel in the fidelity of the Jew to his ancient faith.

## THE BICESTER HUNT.

OF all the hunting countries in England reckoned as provincial, the Bicester is probably the best. Owing to its great length of more than forty miles and its narrowness, there are probably few people who hunt only with the Bicester. It is one of those hunts which attract many winter visitors, for parts of it are easy of access from London, and all the places within or near its borders that can be regarded as hunting centres provide comfortable

quarters and the best of sport. Bicester is near the centre of the country, and offers hunting with the Grafton, the Heythrop, or the South Oxfordshire. In bygone days it was the place where many Oxford men kept their horses. Even now a stray undergraduate may be seen there, though the days are long past when post-chaises and hacks clustered round Canterbury Gate on a hunting morning, or Brasenose sent out its hard-riding contingent to set the fashion—now long since past—of wearing caps in the hunting-field. We no longer, as did our fathers, enter Oxford by coach or chaise from the London road, and absorb the advice to be gathered from the names formerly over the first three shops as one came in—Wise, Parsons, Hunt. Even in comparatively recent times there were some keen men to hounds who loved a gallop with Lord Valentia or Lord Chesham. Marjoribanks, Hill, Hicks, Graves, Cardwell, Fairfax, Duncan, and many others are still alive to remember those happy days. Two dons at least had the credit of hunting pretty regularly—Falcon of Queen's and Wingfield of Magdalen; the latter even when Senior Proctor not being able to resist going out for a gallop with Lord Macclesfield. To all these the Bicester was *the* pack, for those were great days in its history. Lord Valentia and Lord Chesham were very keen about hounds, and were restoring the fame of the pack in the



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THE MASTER AND HUNTSMAN WITH THE PACK.

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kennel. In the field it required no gilding; for though an historic country, the hounds which helped to make the name of Bicester well known have been dispersed more than once by the auctioneer's hammer.

In its present shape, and with its present boundaries, the Bicester Hunt can claim a century of continued existence and popularity. The first Master was Sir Thomas Mostyn, who began in 1800, and kept the hounds at his own expense. "Gentleman" Shawe, afterwards huntsman to the Belvoir, was his huntsman, and was succeeded by Stephen Goodall, who, with the exception of the late Bob Ward of the Hertfordshire, was probably the heaviest man who ever hunted hounds. Nimrod is never tired of writing about Sir Thomas, Stephen, and Griff Lloyd, the hunting parson, who loved purl and pork pies, and never would go out to dinner or to a meet except on horseback, be the distance what it might. He was a keen man, but rather a thorn in the side of the huntsman, as he interfered a good deal. The golden age of the Bicester was perhaps the period of Mr. Drake, whose huntsman, Tom Wingfield, had but one eye, yet could see more with it of what hounds were doing than most of us can with two. Mr. Drake was as courteous as he was keen, and even the hardest-riding undergraduates could not move him to wrath; but they were a trial to his huntsman. "We get so many young Oxford gentlemen, and they hire of Symonds, Seckham, and Tollit, and get some funny horses, and ride very wild," said poor Tom. When Mr. Drake

in this country was "Jacob Omnium," of the *Times*, whose touch with the pen was as light as his weight in the saddle was heavy. And if any modern sportsman aspires to hunt with the Bicester, he will still find a keen Master, a pack not less well bred than of old, a skilful huntsman in Cox, and a courteous secretary who will be firm in the matter of subscriptions.

The country in its character is full of variety, extending as it does over so long a distance. But it is almost everywhere rideable and jumpable, except possibly in the north. But while you can jump the fences much as they come, it needs a bold man and a stout horse to do so safely. In the lower part it is of the same character as the rest of the Vale of Aylesbury, to which it belongs. Indeed, one of the charms of this side of the country is that you can give your horses a rest with Lord Rothschild's staghounds. Both packs are, or were, often in the same country on a Thursday, and I have seen a fox killed and a stag taken on the same day, near Bierton, at intervals of half-an-hour, in almost the same field. It happened thus. I had started with Lord Rothschild, and we had taken one stag. On the way hence I fell in with the Bicester, running well. The temptation was too great, and joining them, about twenty minutes later I found myself jumping after foxhounds the self-same fences I had already crossed with the stag. We killed our fox about two fields from where the stag was safely housed awaiting his carriage to return home in. The good feeling in the Hunt is



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A MEET AT WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN.

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sold his pack they made a great price. Among his successors was his son, Mr. T. Drake, who was thrice Master, and Colonel Anstruther Thomson, in whose time occurred the great Charndon Common run. The fox was a stout one from Sir Harry Verney's woods at Claydon, and hounds ran sixteen miles in an hour and twenty minutes. Among those who saw this run was the famous Robert Grimston, whose flat hat still lives in the memory of some middle-aged hunting men. In 1857, Mr. Drake the younger had his second spell of Mastership, and his second whipper-in was Charles Brackley, who still hunts Mr. Garth's hounds.

The Bicester country has ever been noted for the splendid support given to the Hunt by the landowners and farmers, and for the hard-riding men who follow its hounds. In the past there were the late Lord Jersey, the most elegant horseman of his day, and Sir Henry Peyton, who was seen by Thackeray in his old age driving four greys in a yellow coach in Hyde Park, but who was in his youth a very keen rider. Mr. John Harrison, of Shelswell, was also a noted hard rider and a famous preserver of foxes. Then there was the Rev. Anselm Jones, who said of himself that if he had a fault it was that of riding too hard. Later, all Oxford men will remember Jack Thompson, the banker, and still a pillar of the South Oxfordshire. Nor have Lord Valentia, Dick Storm, Charles Symonds, and Joe Tollit been forgotten by those of us who shared the sport mostly on horses provided by the two last-named, whilst a famous literary character who hunted

well known; there is little or no wire; the foxes are well distributed and stout, and the grass here carries as good a scent as it does anywhere, while the ploughs are distinctly better in that respect than in other parts of Oxfordshire. Irish horses, when they have learned not to mind brooks, seem to do best here. This is one of those countries that call for the best horse you can afford, but he must be stout, and he must have blood, or you will find yourself far from hounds when they run hard, as they do rather oftener here, I think, than in any other country I have ever hunted in.

In conclusion, I will maintain, even in the face of much opposition if necessary, that there are few countries, if any, out of what are called the Shires, that are capable of producing such good sport as the Bicester. It is not so much the character of the country, though that is all that it should be, which constitutes the excellence of the Bicester Hunt as a whole, but the absolute certainty, upon which everybody who hunts with the Bicester can rely without fail, of meeting real sportsmen who ride to hounds because they mean to see what hounds are doing and who are absolutely lacking in "side"; who do not look upon their hunting as a social duty to be perfunctorily fulfilled, but as one of the best enjoyments which can be provided. And yet the man who undertakes the post of Master requires in no small degree the subtle and inbred virtue of tact, and in this respect the Bicester has been very fortunate, and there are few hunts which can show such a splendid record for successful hunting. X.



ONE of the most interesting gardens in all Staffordshire—that county of fine gardens—is the pleasure of Enville Hall. The house itself, though mostly of comparatively modern date, is really of respectable antiquity, and bears a certain sober dignity of aspect that will not fail to impress the observer. It was originally erected in the reign of Henry VIII., and now consists of a centre and two wings, the former receding considerably, and having an octagonal tower at each end. The stepped gables and ornamental chimneys are very good, and there are windows with Gothic pointed heads, and embattlements. The wings, which extend on either side from the towers, are more recent, and there are later additions behind. Although our pictures are designed to show the garden more than the house, it will be seen that a good deal has been modernised in the latter.

In front of the mansion a beautiful lawn slopes down to the water; but the ground rises boldly on the left, and is diversified by the charming foliage of trees in great and pleasing variety. The descent brings us to the lake, which is very fine, and the delightful paths that border it were laid out by the celebrated Shenstone. This water, before the poet made it a valuable scenic accessory, had played a humble and useful part in the mansion of Enville, or, as it was once called, Enfield. Quaint old Plot,

who wrote in the days of James II., described and illustrated the manner in which it was made to turn the spits in the kitchen: "At the Honorable Harry Gray's at Enfield Hall, the spits in the kitchen are turned with a mill, the water being let through a cock of above an inch bore, into a little wheel of wood, made with ladles to receive it, exactly after the manner of an overshot mill, which, being placed without, at the back of the kitchen chimney, turns a spindle of iron that passes through the brick wall, at the end whereof is a round wooden box, which receives a jack-line, that goes also through another box, which turns a second spindle above in the chimney, that also carries a box at the other end next the mantle-tree, in which goes the lines that turn the spits."

Shenstone, whose work is still conspicuous at Enville Hall, holds an important place in the history of landscape gardening. He made the beautification of his house of the Leasowes in the style of his time, the real work of his life, and succeeded in causing it to be famous. Those who are acquainted with old Dodsley's "Collections" will know how much those "shepherds so happy and gay," of the spirit of Corydon and Phyllis, pervaded Shenstone's garden fancy. But the Leasowes did not give full satisfaction to himself. He wrote in 1749: "I lead the unhappy life of seeing nothing in the creation so idle as myself,"







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THE SEA-HORSE LAKE.

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and in 1755 that he was "cloyed with leisure." "Poor man!" said Horace Walpole, "he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of." We are not informed as to the precise date at which the "water-gruel bard," to use Walpole's cruel phrase, undertook the work at Enville Hall, but apparently it was towards the end of his life, after the creation of the Leasowes had made him famous. It was at Enville, early in 1763, that he caught a chill which brought on

"putrid fever" and caused his death. He had gone thither to see Lord Stamford in relation to a pension which he hoped to gain through the Earl and Lord Loughborough from Lord Bute.

The work of Shenstone at Enville consists in a happy grouping of woods, waters, and green expanses, to form pleasing landscapes and pretty prospects. The cascade, which pours over the rocks in a deep glen, whose broken sides are thickly vested with laurel and other shrubs, was thought to be his chief success in these grounds, and it still has unfailing charms



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for the visitor. In this wise is the Shenstonian pleasure described in the "Beauties of England and Wales": "At a little distance below the cascade is a rural bridge, composed of one plank, which crosses the stream, and is truly a very fine and picturesque object. Near this spot stands a small chapel dedicated to Shenstone"—how characteristic, we think, of the landscape gardener of that time—"having its windows embellished with various paintings on glass. This circumstance, together with the thick and gloomy umbrage in which it is enveloped, impresses the mind with a sentiment of peculiar solemnity. From hence the path extends through the wood, till at last it arrives at an open level, from which there is a view up a gently sloping lawn, on whose summit is erected, with singular advantage, a handsome rotunda, overshadowed by a bold and lofty wood. The path, now entering a part of this wood, leads to a verdant valley opening into a sheep walk, from a rising point of which, under a lofty yew, there are some of the richest and most enchanting prospects imaginable. At the extremity of the walk stands the shepherd's lodge, a neat white Gothic edifice shaded by a few trees and partly used as an observatory by the noble owner."

There have been changes, of course, in the gardens since Shenstone's time, just as there have been alterations in the Hall itself since the days of that Thomas Gray whose fine alabaster monument is in Enville Church, and who built "the proper

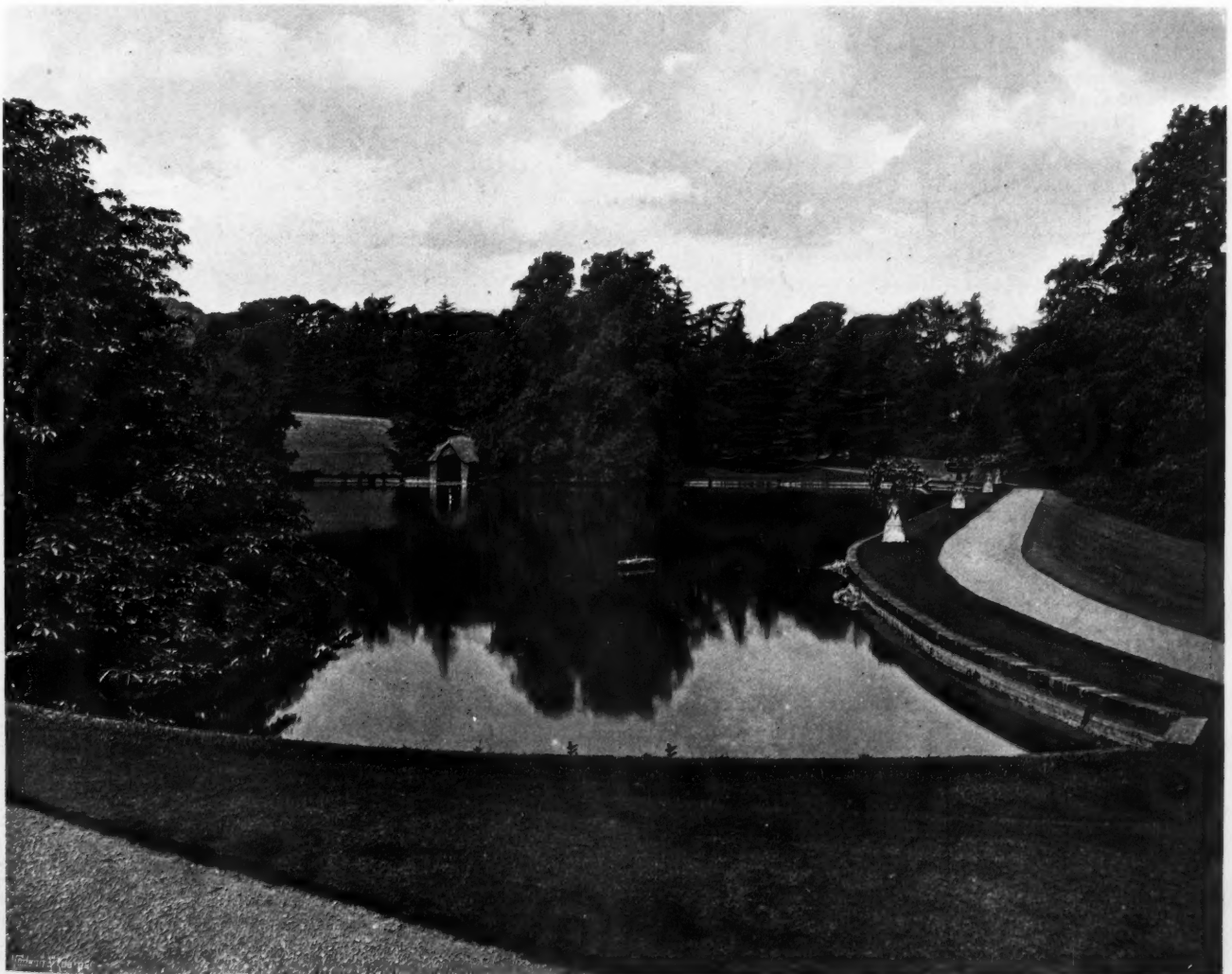


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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brick house" out of which the existing mansion grew. But still, in the landscape features of the pleasure grounds, it may be said that the Shenstonian spirit remains, and it is in this beautiful place that we feel the fascination of the natural style. The water is still the charm of the grounds. Those broad, still sheets of limpid purity, reflecting on their placid surfaces the rich splendour of masses of overhanging trees, are superbly beautiful. It is an inevitable necessity of landscape gardening that artificial features should be added. They may be



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JORDAN'S POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

chapels dedicated to Shenstone or to classic divinities, or merely rustic arbours, anchorites' cells, or fairy grottoes, but features of some kind there must be. Let us observe then how classic fancy has adorned one part of the lake at Enville, where a Triton, or other divinity, rising from the water, summons with his shell the sea-horses, which are cleaving the surface as they rise. This is a truly characteristic feature of the water gardening at Enville. The great fountain on the lawn is another attractive creation in the same order. Here intertwined dolphins support a beautiful basin, in which a cupid throws up water from his shell. The shell fountain is likewise noteworthy, and is a very fine piece of garden work in the manner of the older gardeners.

Such features as these add to the wide green expanses the note of picturesqueness which the eye craves, and they are used most successfully at Enville. Variety of wood and water, winding paths, verdant lawns, gay flower-beds, and excellent balustrades and vases are the principal features of the enchanting place. It would be idle to attempt to catalogue the thousand and one lovely trees, shrubs, and flowers which are grown at Enville Hall. There are multitudes of roses almost everywhere, and there are picturesque flower borders and formal margins and beds. Richness is the dominant note of the place, and we feel that here live, and for generations have lived, those who have had the beauty of garden life near to their hearts.

The great conservatory is a truly astonishing feature. Here are the interlaced traceries of Gothic windows, the cusped circles and quatrefoils of the style, turned to garden use, and above, crowning the great structure, rise domes that are Oriental. It is like a fairy palace, where the architect has taken all, as he needed it, to make a handsome and composite whole. Like a temple of wonder, or a vision from the days of the good Haroun al Raschid, it rises before us, and is reflected in the placid waters of the lake that intervenes. Those who are acquainted with the ways of great conservatories allege that they do not answer



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THE DOLPHIN FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

their purpose so well as those of more modest dimensions, but this we may assert, that no modest structure could appeal to the eye and the imagination like this wonderful erection of glass.

We have said enough to show what are the interests and

delights of this charming seat on the road from Stourbridge to Bridgenorth. It lies in a lovely district of southern Staffordshire, and all around are the noble seats of many noblemen and gentlemen. Here, then, it is not surprising to discover such a very notable example as Enville Hall of the landscape gardener's style, created by a celebrated hand, and maintained in the perfection which a lovely place like this deserves.



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THE WILLOW LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## ON A . . . SMALL . . . SHOOTING.

I DO not think that many people with a partridge shoot of only 500 acres would ever try to drive their birds; they would be afraid of seeing them no more for that day, and possibly never again. Yet I have lately been reading some instructions to shooters, which start out by advising that when driving takes place on these small shootings the guns should be placed in the centre of the estate for the first and every succeeding drive. That is not good in principle, for if you want—as, of course, you do—to keep your birds at home, you should give them all the room possible in which to settle again after they have passed the guns. It is necessary to remember that it is not the drivers who regulate the distance the birds fly, but the shooters and the wind. It is hardly ever safe to trust to driven partridges settling again under half a mile, more often three-quarters to a mile, after passing the guns, and the reason why guns should be put in the centre is not very clear. Indeed, upon such a small shooting it would ensure the driving of them all over the boundary at the very first beat. There is no good reason for long drives, even on big estates, and to make them upon small ones would be to court disaster. The best plan on a small shoot is not to drive at all; but, if one must do it, then the only satisfactory plan is to drive one or two fields at a time, with the guns as close up to the position of the birds as they can get with safety—that is, without



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risk of flushing the birds before the drivers flush them. Then the partridges will only have a few hundred yards to fly before they reach the guns, and the chances of them breaking away to one side or the other are greatly reduced; but, more important still, they can fly almost the full length of the estate, and again settle on it.

So very wrong is it to put the guns in the centre that I have known, when a turnip-field has been in the centre of an estate, the birds to be moved out of this before shooting began; had not this been done, but a drive of the turnips started at once, every bird would have carried on out of bounds, whereas the mere putting up of the partridges sent them in the required direction, but not too far. Then when they were in a good holding field upon the boundary the guns got right up to within shooting distance of the fence, and the partridges this time went in the direction of the field from which they were first flushed, but carried on over it, and were to be found very near the opposite boundary fence. The same tactics were again resorted to, and the birds driven back again, some of them, particularly the single ones, dropping in the turnip-field in the middle. It is very often safe then to drive out these single birds over the guns, although it is in the middle of the estate, because, in the first place, single ones are mostly killed, and, in the second, broken birds do not, as a rule, fly very far. Success in driving depends upon knowing where the driven partridges will go to, and, if there is any danger of them not going in the right direction, flushing them from a position to drive them away from the ground they are not wanted to go to. For instance, when there is a wind, not enough to take possession of them, but enough to make them bear with it, and the wind's direction is north—that is, blowing south—and you want your birds to go west, your line will often advance in a north-west direction, or, better still, if you can by flags prevent them breaking away to the east, it may be a due north drive. The first drives rarely give very good results, for the birds



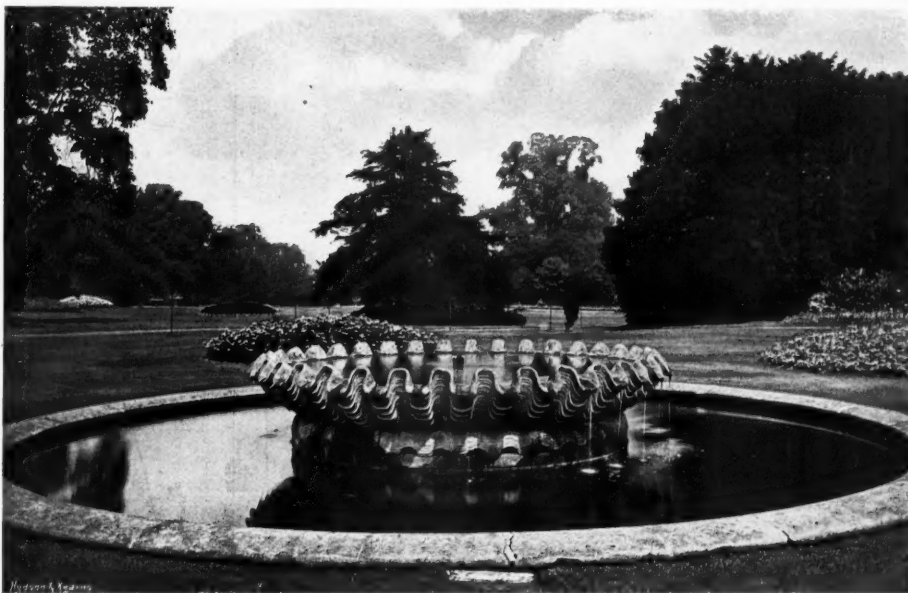
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THE GREAT FLOWER LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

come in coveys, and the shots are comparatively few, but after the partridges have crossed the line of guns a few times, particularly if they fly into turnip-fields, they will break up, and come out singly and in twos and threes. That is when the killing really begins.

The more the birds are hustled about, and the quicker one drive follows another, with the same birds brought back if possible, the more shooting there will be. But it would be rather hopeless to keep your birds together on a 500-acre shoot unless there were good holding fields on each of the four sides and near the boundaries. This is so because it very seldom happens that partridges fly straight; they are almost certain to swerve to one or the other side, and it cannot be prevented by any system of driving whatever.



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Another piece of advice I have seen is to avoid buying Hungarian partridges' eggs. I have never heard of such things being offered for sale, and have searched the lists of all the game farmers, and also the egg dealers, without finding any mention of Hungarian eggs. I should have thought that the distance would be quite enough caution against the purchase of them if they were really advertised for sale, which I do not for a moment believe to be the case.

From another source I learn that the plan of netting up grouse, and moving them from the low to the high ground upon a moor, has been very successful in keeping the blood crossed. That does not surprise me. Grouse are unlike partridges, and pack in the autumn and winter. Some people say that they divide into packs, some of cocks and others of hens, but I have never noticed this myself; in any case, there is in this packing the almost certainty of crossing the breed. In partridges, I believe that pairs mostly select each other out of their own coveys, and if this is so it seems that a change of eggs from the various nests on any estate would serve all the purpose of importing Hungarian partridges. Naturalists affirm the close in-breeding of most wild animals; but I think those which congregate in packs or herds have the best chance of avoiding the danger. Probably it was



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with a knowledge of this in-breeding of partridges that the keepers' dodge was first practised of changing a few eggs in every nest. But it is hardly necessary to say that this must be done when the birds are laying, and not after they have begun to sit. This system was practised before Hungarian partridges were heard of in this country, and results have, I believe, always been excellent. I cannot help thinking that changing eggs would be more satisfactory on a grouse moor than catching up the birds and transporting them. But I believe that neither one nor the other is much practised, and that the purchase of live grouse for crossing purposes has not been found satisfactory. In any case, it gave rise while it lasted to the most wholesale, although legal poaching.

There is another point about game preserving that I should like to see discussed, for I see it stated that open drains on a grouse moor are fatal to the stock of birds. The idea is that the young grouse fall into them and are unable to get out. This seems reasonable—in fact, too reasonable; for it is possibly only fancy crystallised into a creed by oft repetition. Against it I can adduce nothing except negative evidence. I have never seen young birds drowned in open drains; if anyone has, of course my evidence does not go far; but at least the best-stocked moor I was ever upon had had that year—1872—an enormous number of open drains cut in it. Some of these were so wide as to take a good run and jump to get over, but they were of all sizes. This was in Caithness, not usually first-rate for grouse, but an exception that year. This question of drainage must exercise the minds of many moor-owners, for it is not nearly as easy as those who write about it seem to think. In one place there is, for instance, a square mile of country without a blade of heather upon it—all wet and cold ground. The first impression would be to drain it; but that cold, useless ground supplies water to the rest of the moor throughout the summer, and to drain it would be to destroy the moor. Sometimes there are springs upon a

burning. I saw a moor this past season, belonging to an English Duke, that was certainly not better burnt than were the majority of moors thirty years ago, which is near to saying that it was not burnt at all. Another moor, which was almost destitute of grouse, was so deep in heather that it was almost impossible to walk it; this was at least half bog, so that when you got off the heather you got into the bog. The keeper said he was afraid there had been too many birds left the year before, and that they interfere with the nesting of each other when this is so; but it was easy enough to see that young grouse would perish in such a place. It is wonderful how these little birds can get about, I know, but there are limits to everything, and I take it that although there were too many birds left to breed, instinct induced them to go elsewhere to lay their eggs. In neither of these bad moors was there an open, or any other, drain, so if there is danger in open drains there are many worse ones in my experience.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## IN THE GARDEN.

"ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS."

A NOTE about this little booklet just now is opportune, as seed sowing is in progress, and no garden is worthy of the name unless perfumed with the Sweet Pea. This booklet is by the well-known Birmingham nurseryman, Mr. Robert Sydenham, of Tenby Street, and its price is sixpence, the profit being devoted to the Gardeners' Orphan Fund. As we dealt fully with the attraction of the Sweet Pea recently, it is unnecessary to quote notes concerning this from the book, but



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

moor the water from which can be conducted for great distances to make little drinking ponds for the grouse in dry weather. But this is not always, or often, and when it does happen that there are several fine springs upon a moor, it is not always certain where their sources are; that is to say, the tableland of wet ground which a grouse-lover would desire to see covered with heather may be the source of the springs on the moor, and nobody would be able to tell whether it was so or not until it was drained, when it would be rather late to retract if a mistake had been made.

Another point about the preservation of grouse moors that English writers nearly always come to grief over is the burning of the heather; thus it is gravely urged that great damage may be done if the peat gets on fire. But at the time when it is legal to burn heather the peat is always wet, and it never does or never could take fire except in summer. The great difficulty of heather-burners everywhere is to find the heather dry enough to burn above ground; it is never dry enough to burn below, so that the danger of burning the roots does not exist, as it is supposed to do.

Heather-burning acts in two ways. Its primary object is, of course, to induce young heather for the birds to feed upon, but it also attracts the grouse when the burning heather is still hot almost. What they can find to like in the blackened stalks I have never been able to find out; but I remember very well one hillside which had been allowed to run wild for many years, until no grouse remained upon it, and yet no sooner were a few strips of this old rank heather burnt than there were plenty of grouse there at once. A good many of them stopped to breed, although there would be no young shoots, or very few indeed, of heather on the burnt patches that year. It is curious how very slowly keepers learn what constitutes good heather-

we may well refer to the list of varieties. The selection given is excellent, and Mr. Sydenham has followed the classification determined upon by the classification committee held in connection with the Conference and Sweet Pea Bi-centenary at the Crystal Palace, London, last July. This selection will be a trustworthy guide to those about to sow: "*Twelve Useful Varieties*—Emily Henderson, white; Duchess of Sutherland, slight blush; Lovely, pale pink; Royal Rose, a rosy pink; \*Her Majesty, a deep rose; \*Venus, pale buff; Golden Gate, a pale lavender blue; \*Emily Eckford, a bright blue; Dorothy Tennant, a rosy violet; Blanche Ferry, pink and white; Prince Edward of York, pale salmon and rose; Stanley, dark bronzy chocolate. *Twelve Better Varieties*.—\*Sadie Burpee, white self; \*Hon. F. Bouverie, pink flushed with salmon; Oriental, bright rose; \*Mars, a rich fiery red; \*Mrs. Eckford, a pale primrose; Lottie Eckford, blush white with Picotee edge; \*Countess of Radnor, pale heliotrope; \*Captivation, a rosy purple; \*Triumph, salmon and blush; \*Gorgeous, orange and pink; Countess Cadogan, a rich blue; \*Othello, dark maroon. (The twelve varieties marked with a star \* are the twelve I would recommend if asked to select twelve from the twenty-four.) *Twelve Best Varieties*.—Blanche Burpee, white self; Prima Donna, a pale pink; Admiration, pinkish lavender; Lady Mary Currie, rosy orange; Prince of Wales, a deep rose; Salopian, a deep mulberry red; Lottie Hutchins, a slight blush or buff; Queen Victoria, pale yellow; Lady Grisel Hamilton, pale lavender; Duke of Westminster, rosy purple; Navy Blue, dark blue; Black Knight, dark bronzy chocolate. In addition to the above collections, it may be well to mention the four best striped varieties, which will be America, a bright red stripe; Mrs. Chamberlain, a bright rose stripe; Gaiety, a rosy magenta stripe; Princess of Wales, a dark bluish stripe."



## FORSYTHIA SUSPensa.

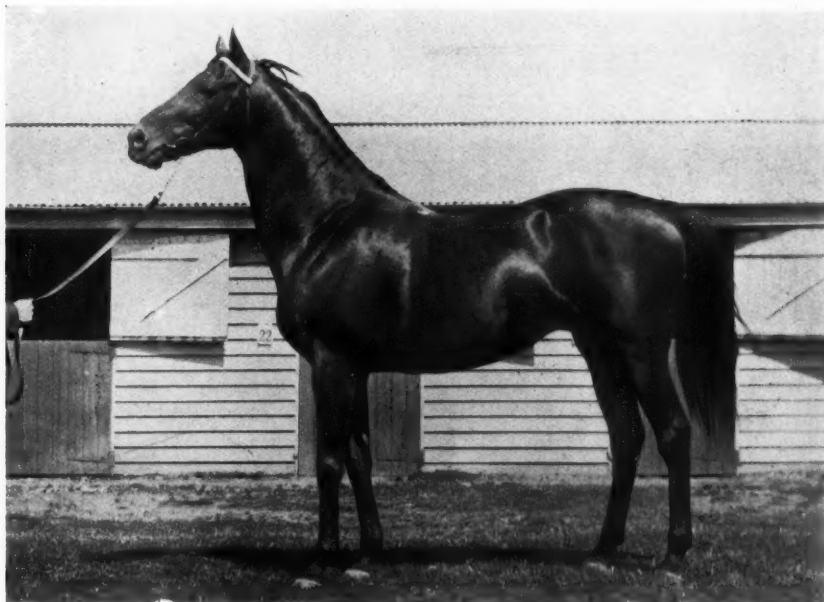
Nothing is more glorious in the spring than the golden-flowered shoot of *F. suspensa*. It is covered with bloom, and sprawls about in a rough and picturesque way, which only serves to increase its splendour. A good flower-lover writes: "I know of a magnificent specimen of *Forsythia suspensa*. It entirely covers the front of a dwelling-house in a suburban town. Throughout April its canary yellow flowers present a picture worth going miles to see, the house-front being a dense sheet of bloom. The plant is of rapid growth, and its beauty is best displayed when grown against a wall, though it looks very handsome in bush form. Cuttings do not strike very readily, but the suckers, which are freely produced, soon grow into large spreading specimens. It is of deciduous habit, and flowers on the ends of the previous year's growths. This showy plant is worthy of general cultivation."

## SELECTION OF ROOT CROPS FOR SEED.

For many years past Messrs. J. Carter and Co. of High Holborn have worked scientifically to acquire roots with a higher average of feeding qualities than existed in the older varieties. As Messrs. Carter truthfully say, a farmer nowadays instinctively grows for his stock the Mangel which he believes to be the most sugary; he finds his cattle like it and do better upon it than on sorts inferior in this respect, and accordingly a scientific method has been adopted, by which the exact amount of saccharine matter contained in the roots selected can be ascertained. One outcome of their experiment is Carter's Sugar Mangel, which is unquestionably an introduction of great value, as it possesses the good qualities of the Mangel mixed with those of the Sugar Beet. It is interesting to know that this is the result of cross fertilisation between the well-known Mammoth Long Red Mangel and the Elsie Sugar Beet, famous for its high sugar value. Messrs. Carter write: "We have proved that this important combination has been fully realised, not only in our field experiments, where we have had special regard to weight of yield per acre, but also in our laboratory analysis of these roots under our new method of testing their feeding properties." The roots are of uniform size and form, need no trimming, and are easily lifted. It is recommended that the seeds be sown in rows 20in. apart, and the plants set out 14in. apart, and at this rate the Sugar Mangel produces five tons to every four tons of the ordinary Mangel crop, while the high sugar contents of the root, which Messrs. Carter have proved by analysis to be 15 per cent. more than those of the sweetest Mangel hitherto offered for sale, give it a very distinctive character.

## BILL OF PORTLAND & HIS COMPANIONS.

THE recent return of Bill of Portland from Australia to the land of his birth is an event of great importance in the bloodstock world, for this great slashing black-brown son of St. Simon and Electric Light arrives just at a time when the demand for this blood is vastly in excess of the supply, and he himself has already established a world's record by siring the best colt of his year three seasons running. It is strange indeed that he should have come to Cobham, where Trenton and Aurum were already established, for the three also foregathered at St. Albans, in Australia, whence one by one they have all made the voyage to this country. A further curious coincidence is that Mr. Charles



BEFORE LEAVING AUSTRALIA.

Combe, whose brother, Richard, bred and raced Bill of Portland, is the landlord of the Cobham Stud.

In himself Bill of Portland is considered by many good judges to be the finest horse ever got by St. Simon. It is not meant by this that he is superior individually to Persimmon—though he is fully equal—but that with great size and bone he has preserved more of the St. Simon type. He has arrived in England in the best of health and vigour, as the portrait of him taken four days after landing will show, and his subscription of twenty mares at 100 guineas for this season was full before he left Australia, while the list for seasons 1902 and 1903 will soon be closed also. The following is a brief summary of his stud successes at the Antipodes, where it must be remembered the value of stakes is far lower than here:

In his first year at the stud Bill of Portland only covered six mares. Five proved in foal. Of the progeny two died by accidents, and the other three were Bobadil, Ormuz, and Water Nymph. In the three seasons in which his stock have raced they have won the Champion Race, A.J.C. Derby, V.R.C. Derby (twice), V.R.C. St. Leger, Maribyrnong Plate (twice), Ascot Vale Stakes, Melbourne Cup, Futurity Stakes, Australian Cup, Debutant Stakes, Sires' Produce Stakes, and many weight-for-age races and handicaps—a record very hard to beat. His winners include Bobadil, Merriwee, Scorn, Finland, Wigelmair, Maltster, Ormuz, Duke of Portland, Scornful, Rona, Promontory, Portland Light, etc.

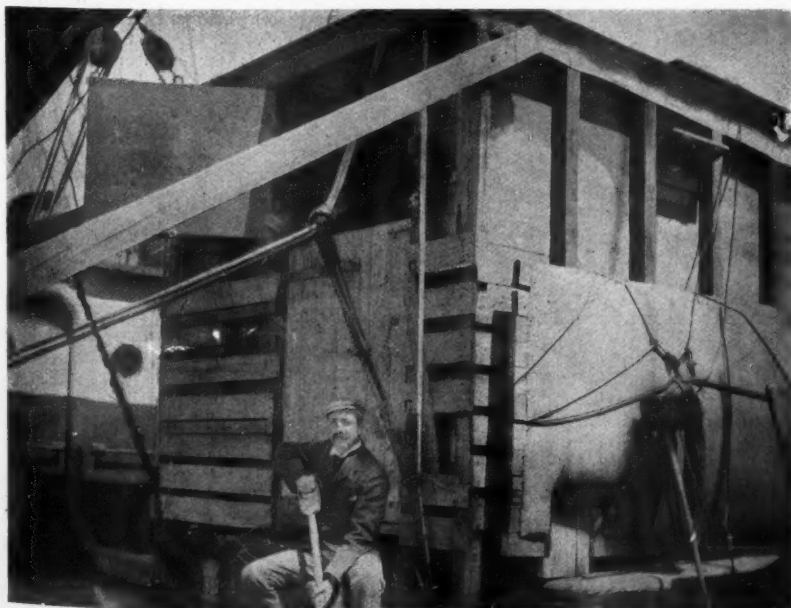
The winnings were:

1897-98 (3 winners, 7 races) .....	£2,855
1898-99 (11 winners, 23 races) .....	£8,150
1899-1900 (12 winners, 31½ races) .....	£12,336

Bill of Portland was originally selected for the late Mr. W. R. Wilson by the International Horse Agency and Exchange, Limited, 46A, Pall Mall, and, on the death of that gentleman, was bought by the same Agency for Mr. J. B. Joel, the price being 4,900 guineas, which will all come back with interest in three seasons. The horse was brought home on the Aberdeen ss. Sophocles in charge of Ernest Day, who had a short time before taken eighteen horses out to the Colony for Lord Hopetoun.

The other horses standing at Cobham, viz., Trenton, Aurum, and Abercorn, are all celebrities of the highest class. Trenton, both as a race-horse and a sire, has made history, and in the latter capacity is still making it. It is not long, however, since a full account of his career was given in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and there is no reason to repeat it. It may be noted here, however, that the eight yearlings by Trenton which Messrs. Tattersall sold in 1900 averaged 1,118 guineas, and already it is known that several of these have been found to be as good as their prices would suggest. Trenton was the first foal of the famous New Zealand brood mare Frailty, by Goldsborough.

Aurum is one of the best horses that ever trod the turf, and a perfect model of symmetry and power. What his form really was may be estimated from the fact that he was handicapped in Australia as of 37lb. superior class to The Graft, to whom it would be difficult to find in England a horse capable of giving 7lb.



EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND.



W. A. Rouch.

BILL OF PORTLAND AT COBHAM.

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In addition to Aurum's pedigree, the following record of his performances is given in brief:

AURUM (B or Br, 1894).	TRENTON (Br, 1881) 18	Musket (imp.) 3 (Br, 1867)	T. xophilite 3 (B, 1855)	Longbow 21 (B, 1849)	Ithuriel 2 (B, 1849)
		Frailty (Br, 1877)	Half-sister to Gen. Peel's dam (B, 1857)	West Australian 7 (B, 1850)	Miss Bowe (B, 1846)
	AURA (Br, 1886) 2	Richmond 3 (Br, 1872)	Maribyrnong 3 (Br, 1863)	Goldsbrough 13 (B, 1870)	Pantaloons 17 (B, 1846)
		Instep (imp.) (Ch, 1872)	The Fawn (B, 1865)	Sylvia (B, 1864)	Melbourne 1 (B, 1846)
	CINNAMON 3 (Br, 1877)	Lord Clifden 2 (B, 1860)	The Premier 4 (B, 1843) (imp.)	New Warrior (imp.) 24 (B, 1851)	Pyrrhus 1. 3 (B, 1851)
		Sandal (Br, 1861)	Melesina (B, 1849) (imp.)	FISHERMAN 11 (Ch, 1855) (imp.)	Colocynth (B, 1851)

Aurum, as a two year old, was unplaced in his first race, and won the Flemington Stakes (Melbourne), the Electric Stakes (Caulfield), the Sires' Produce Stakes (V.R.C. Flemington), the Ascot Vale Stakes (V.R.C. Flemington), the All-Aged Stakes (V.R.C. Flemington), 1 mile, beating The Officer, winner of the Caulfield Guineas and V.R.C. St. Leger of that year; the Champagne Stakes (Randwick), giving Amberite 10lb.; the Easter Stakes (Randwick), giving Amberite 14lb. As a three year old, won the Caulfield Guineas, 1 mile (Australian 2,000 guineas); the Flying Stakes (V.R.C. Flemington), 7 furlongs; the Spring Stakes (V.R.C. Flemington), 1½ miles; the C.B. Fisher Plate (V.R.C. Flemington), 2 miles (Note.—These last two races run on the same afternoon); the V.R.C. St. Leger. Aurum was

also second for the V.R.C. Derby, won by Amberite, whom he subsequently defeated three times during the same meeting. Third for the Melbourne Cup (2 miles), carrying 8st. 6lb., which is 7lb. more than had ever been allotted to a three year old for that race. Only two old horses, Gaulus, 7st. 8lb., and Grafter, 7st. 7lb., were in front of him, and twenty-six were behind. Third for the Australian Cup (2½ miles), carrying 9st. 3lb. Aurum split a hoof in this race.

Time was when Carbine and Abercorn divided Victoria and New South Wales into hostile camps, so fierce was the rivalry of the respective partisans of these two wonderful horses. Even now it is quite a common thing to hear high words as a result of the introduction of their names in Australian company. Abercorn is a grand horse and a splendidly bred one, being a descendant in tail male from Whisker, through the latter's best son, The Colonel, and tracing on the dam's side to Hybla (dam of Kettledrum). The portrait of him is a strikingly good one. His pedigree and synopsis of performances follows:

ABERCORN (Ch, 1884)	CHESTER 8 (Br, 1874)	Vatendon 17 (Br, 1861)	Sir Hercules 3 (Br, —)	Cap-a-pie 5 (imp.) (B, 1837)	The Colonel 8 (Dau. of Sultan 8)
		Cassandra (1841)	Paraguay (imp.) (1835)	Tros 12 (imp.) (Br, 1836)	Paradigm (1835)
	LADY CHESTER (imp.) (Ch, 1871)	Stockwell 3 (Ch, 1849)	Alice Grey (Ch, 1832)	The Baron 24 (Ch, 1842)	Emigrant 4 (Gulnare (imp.)
		Austrey (Ch, 1851)	Pocahontas (B, 1837)	Harkaway 2 (Ch, 1834)	Birdcatcher 11 (Echidna
	GOLDSBROUGH 13 (B, 1870)	Fireworks 10 (B, 1864)	Kelpie (imp.) 1 (Ch, 1855)	Gaslight (imp.) (B, 1850)	Sir Hercules 2 (Fanny Dawson
		Sylvia (B, 1864)	Juliet (imp.) (Br, 1851)	Fisherman 11 (imp.) (Br, 1853)	Heron 19 (Mainbrace
	BROWN DUCHESS (Br, 1872)	Whalebone 3 (Br, —)	Speculation 1 (imp.) (Br, 1832)	Paraguay (imp.) (1835)	Cantaloupe (Sir Hercules 2
		Clove (imp.) (Br, 1852)	Sweetmeat 21 (Br, 1842)	Hybla (dam of Kettledrum) (B, 1846)	Paradigm (Gladiator 22



It will be seen that Abercorn did wonders on the turf at all distances, and as he has sired many great winners, there is small reason for surprise that he is being well patronised by breeders in England at 50 guineas. Aurum is full at the same fee, and at 100 guineas there is always a surplus demand for the services of Trenton. Abercorn is a big chestnut horse, flecked with white. One of the latest subscribers to him is the Beckhampton trainer, S. Darling, who took a nomination as soon as he saw the horse, which he did for the first time about a week ago.

All these horses have the fresh energy which comes from change of air and environment, and which will help them to do much to rejuvenate the British thorough-bred; and though the Australian race-horse is bred largely from the same stock as our own, there is no doubt that much of the blood in his veins is quite unknown to English breeders. Let us hope that it will supply the element necessary to give that stamina which we are so often told is lacking in the present-day thorough-bred, not that we are prepared to accept all the adverse criticisms of that very serviceable animal which fill the columns of the so-called sporting papers. Nevertheless conservatism can be carried too far, and our horse-breeders may profit as much by this influx of Australian blood as our jockeys have by the invasion of their American brethren.

ABERCORN'S PERFORMANCES AS A TWO-YEAR OLD.

Races won.	Distance.	Weight.	Time.	Value of Stakes.
A.J.C. December Stakes ...	5 fur.	8 10	1.23	625 0
V.R.C. Sires' Produce Stakes ...	6 "	8 10	1.17 1/4	1,273 0
Hawkesbury Claret Stakes ...	5 "	8 2	1.5	255 1
A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes ...	7 "	8 10	1.30 1/2	617 17
A.J.C. First Foal Stakes ...	6 "	9 3	1.20 1/2	835 0

AS A THREE YEAR OLD.

A.J.C. Derby Stakes ...	1 1/2 mls.	8 10	2.39 1/2	935 0
* A.J.C. Second Foal Stakes ...	1 1/4 "	9 6	2.13	435 0
V.R.C. St. Leger Stakes 1 1/2 mls. 132 yds.	8 10	3.15 1/2	850 0	
V.R.C. Champion Stakes (w.f.a.) 3 mls.	7 12	6.15	1,060 0	
A.J.C. St. Leger Stakes ...	1 1/2 "	8 10	3.51	605 0
A.J.C. Plate ... (w.f.a.) 3 "	8 0	5.37 1/2	429 0	

AS A FOUR YEAR OLD.

A.J.C. Craven Plate (w.f.a.) ...	1 1/2 mls.	9 0	2.19 1/2	253 0
V.R.C. Essendon Stakes (w.f.a.)	1 1/2 "	9 0	2.51	338 0
V.R.C. Place Handicap ...	1 1/2 "	9 10	2.38	275 0
A.J.C. Autumn Stakes (w.f.a.) ...	1 1/2 "	9 0	2.42	454 0



W. A. Rouch.

ABERCORN.

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AS A FIVE YEAR OLD.

A.J.C. Spring Stakes (w.f.a.) ...	1 1/2 mls.	9 5	2.41 1/2	466 0
A.J.C. Metropolitan Stks. (hcp.)	2 "	9 7	3.55 1/2	1,340 0
A.J.C. Craven Plate (w.f.a.) ...	1 1/4 "	9 4	2.11	459 0
A.J.C. Randwick Plate (w.f.a.)	3 "	9 7	5.35	450 0
V.R.C. Melbourne Stakes (w.f.a.)	1 1/4 "	9 3	2.7 1/2	458 0
V.R.C. Canterbury Plate (w.f.a.)	2 1/4 "	9 5	4.18 1/2	416 0

Twenty-one races ... £12,828 18

\* Dead heat and division with Niagara, 8.13. † Including 7lb. penalty. ‡ Including 10lb. penalty. || The record for Australia at that time.  
NOTE.—While Carbine beat Abercorn on four occasions, the latter (being one year older) won three races from the former, at weight-for-age—twice over 1 1/4 miles and once over 2 1/4 miles (V.R.C. Canterbury Plate).

A LABOURERS' . . .  
LAND COURT.

MANY owners of land, including one or two Cabinet Ministers and other dignitaries, have from time to time fared to Winterslow, anxious if they could to get at the heart of the mystery about the allotment scheme there. But they cannot find out the secret, nor will they do so till they can enter into the very spirit of the place. No study of mere outlines and details, no copying of the repayment tables in the hire purchase scheme, will do, because as far as all these go as good can be drawn up by any competent accountant. They do not remove the causes that have brought failure on so many attempts to increase the number of petty proprietors in England. The obstacles in the way need to be frankly stated. One is a certain tendency, in those engaged in helping the poor, to be patronising and philanthropical. Charity is out of date in an English village, and we rather doubt if it ever was of much real benefit. A lady friend of mine in the North, who is kindness itself to the people on her husband's estate, put peasant gratitude in a nutshell once. "When we give anything," she wrote, "all they say is, 'Well, they can well afford it.'" Bestow a shilling on a man, and however lavish



W. A. Rouch.

AURUM.

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he may be in his thanks, what he probably does in his heart is to think how stingy you were not to make it half-a-crown; lend him a tenner, and he reckons you mean for not making it twenty. That is not the worst of it—the demoralising effect on the recipient is more mischievous than any lack of gratitude. The poorest labourer ought to stand on his own feet, and in case of any of those misfortunes to which mortals are subject, it is far better for the poor to unite, to relieve their own unfortunates. At any rate, without carrying the point too far, it is obvious that to be lasting, any scheme to keep labourers on the land must be independent of the kindness or good wishes of any individual; it must be fitted to go on when the mind that planned it is withdrawn. Nor is that enough. The fault of most Government and other schemes is that even when they place the labourer in possession of a plot of ground they leave him isolated from his fellows. His holding is only an asset that he is sure to borrow on when hard times come, or turn into cash when he is tempted to take up another industry; it provides him with no community of interest with the other villagers, and no inducement to keep what he has in the family. That is in the case of moderate success; but legislators in this country never have been able to frame a Small Holdings Act which attracted the labourer. In other countries, Denmark particularly, this object has been achieved, but never with us. Finally, among English rustics, whether farmers or their servants, the spirit of co-operation never has taken root. Tenants are too jealous of each other, villagers too quarrelsome. I never fully understood how these various difficulties had been overcome until, on Major Poore's invitation, I attended the annual meeting of the Landholders' Court and watched its deliberations.

It began with a "high tea," for, as Major Poore shrewdly remarked, that arrangement insured that even if they were late for the food they would be in time for business. And to look at the company was itself a lesson, since, except Mr. Mark S. Poore, who acted as chairman, Mr. King, a tenant farmer, who is secretary, and Mr. Witt, the schoolmaster, who audited the accounts, the others had the homely, rough, labour-worn faces, most of them surrounded with a fringe of beard in the old style, that are characteristic of the English village. This was none the less apparent because they were jocund and happy. It was Saturday night, and the week's work was done, the woodman had laid aside his axe and the truffle-hunter kennelled his poodles. There was a good balance-sheet too, as one had time to observe while plates of ham and beef, chunks of bread and butter, and slices of currant loaf disappeared to strengthen the inner man. It was a satisfactory annual statement indeed, and all the more so because it was the eighth. When accounts are pleasing after eight years of trial, one may fairly say that the battle has been won. Without going into detail we may pick out a few interesting items. The most striking one is that the surplus fund amounts to £666 17s. 7d., made up of a total mortgage account of £496 15s. and £170 2s. 7d. at the bank. It would have been over £800, but that the sum of £150 18s. 5d. has been laid out in sinking a well, and as they have had to go to a depth of 300ft., and did not find a quite satisfactory supply of water at the end, it seems doubtful whether this outlay of capital will return anything in the shape of revenue. But it is no slight advantage to have so considerable a sum as £666 at their disposal. It makes the small holders independent of the money-lender. Between November 9th, 1899, and June 1st, 1900, they issued to members three mortgages for £25, £150, and £100 respectively, making a total of £275. They only charge 3 per cent., so that the scheme may be said to solve the difficulty Mr. Yerburch has worked so hard at, viz., the need of a co-operative rural bank. In these operations it is of inestimable advantage to have a full knowledge of the applicants. The community is a growing one, and were it to become desirable to buy more land and allot it on the same principle, they possess this surplus fund, which, in the words of the chairman, "is in the first place a capital for the benefit of members." It forms a solid bond of union and common interest.

When tea was over we all adjourned to another room for the transaction of business, and here one saw and admired the excellent arrangement made to reduce opportunities for friction and dissension to a minimum. Major Poore entertains the wholesome idea, that if great pains are taken to ascertain facts there is very little room for difference of opinion. Now, to set people arguing and voting one against another, though a common form of procedure in many gatherings, from Parliament downwards, is



W. A. Rouch.

TRENTON.

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not by any means an ideal way of arriving at the truth. His method is really an adaptation of the jury system. The householders are arranged in sections of ten, each of which has its chairman and vice-chairman, whose duties it is to consult each member in regard to any question that arises. Thus the matter is well thrashed out beforehand, and the chairman of the ten really represents the opinion of that ten. He is the foreman of the jury, and such questions as arise seldom lead to a conflict of opinion. It may very probably be the case that points are argued out with some heat among themselves, but so far there has been no bickering in the court: the absolute harmony maintained is one of its best features. For this the system is entitled to the credit. At the annual meeting several questions arose which, as they touched the material interests of those present, might easily have given rise to a wrangle. One, for instance, was about a footpath which ran through two holdings. The Parish Council had given permission to change it, but who was to be at the expense? Another related to the well; were they to abandon it or risk more capital? A third was whether the Land Court ought to give a contribution to the school, and how much? A fourth was as to the advisability of renewing a spraying machine for the potato plots. Mr. Poore, who presided, seemed to me to carry out his father's conception with great sense and tact. He began by calling to a front seat the chairmen and vice-chairmen, and carefully refraining from offering advice or suggestion, he asked in regard to each contraverted point, "What do the members of your section say?" When this could be definitely stated, the matter was settled, but some had forgotten to consult their friends. If the matter was not of great weight and importance they were asked to do so on the spot, and the meeting speedily resolved itself into a number of animated groups busily engaged in talking it over. The "opinion of the meeting" was very successfully arrived at by this process, and when presented it was truly unanimous. In this way the men are obtaining a fine training in public business, and one could not avoid being struck with their readiness to catch up any idea thrown out to them, and the good temper and acuteness which they showed in discussion, though, of course, their language was that of homely English villagers. But it was very independent, too. The traditions of the place are against what in Scotland they call "booin'," and though they were very far indeed from showing disrespect, they seemed quite capable of examining Mr. Poore's opinion, shrewdly and critically, though luckily they have nothing to find fault with. Their speech had no savour of inferiority, but was that of one man addressing another without regard to their relative positions. And this is the good and wholesome spirit that cannot be carried from place to place as you do forms of lease and tables of repayment. Major Poore has succeeded chiefly by founding a common interest for these villagers and instilling into them a sturdy faith in the virtue of self-reliance.

## AT THE THEATRE.

AT the time of writing there have been no events of importance to chronicle since the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE, a state of affairs shortly to be remedied, however. The most "live" and entertaining thing to write about, in the absence of new plays, is certainly the "conversation" between Mr. Pinero, our dramatist-in-chief, and Mr. William Archer, the leader of the naturalistic school of



dramatic criticism, as reported in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Archer is arguing, as usual, for a subsidised repertory theatre; Mr. Pinero is explaining that the English method of individual enterprise is the best of all possible methods for English people. Over and beyond the extraordinary smartness of the talk, its wealth of knowledge and quotation, its sharp cut-and-thrust—a completeness and a rapidity of repartee smacking somewhat of the midnight oil—one is struck with the poorness of Mr. Archer's arguments in favour of his pet plan, and of Mr. Pinero's against it.

When Mr. Archer, in order to exemplify his standpoint by the mere architectural inferiority of English playhouses—an architectural insignificance which, he infers, symbolises the position of the English Theatre in English national life—so ludicrously exaggerates as to state that Her Majesty's, "the handsomest theatre in London," is a "mere annexe to an hotel," we know that Mr. Archer's laudable earnestness has temporarily clouded an intellect generally remarkable for its penetration. We all know that Her Majesty's Theatre was in existence considerably before the Carlton Hotel, that its proprietary is different, and that the hotel, and not the theatre, adapted its style of architecture to that of its neighbour. With the present price of land in London, Mr. Archer really cannot expect Mr. Tree and his associates to buy the whole of one side of the Haymarket in order to border their theatre with pleasure gardens, fountains, and statues. But this matter of architecture, of course, is a mere trifle used by Mr. Archer to indicate larger issues.

In order to defend his position, Mr. Archer has to say that "neither Garrick nor Kemble, nor even Macready" (two "nors" to one "neither," oh Mr. Archer!) "was an actor-manager in the same sense in which, say, Beerbohm Tree is an actor-manager." "Their monopoly," he says, in an ecstasy of special pleading, "amounted to an unwritten mandate," saying:

"In consideration of your exclusive right to play tragedy and comedy (as opposed to burletta and melodrama) you are bound to do the best you can for the drama all round, not merely to exploit your own genius, however great that may be." Garrick, as a matter of fact, was only the leader of a company, several of whom, both men and women, were almost of equal rank with himself. He was compelled by tradition and by policy to keep a larger repertory aloft, thus giving his subordinates ample opportunity to learn their art and develop their talent. He did not wear out his own talent, and keep other actors back, by appearing every night of the season and playing all the leading parts himself. In short, he could not, if he would, have made the vast machine of Drury Lane nothing but a picture frame for his own individuality."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Archer can be serious. Garrick was an autocrat, choosing plays and parts to suit his own individuality. That he chose excellent subordinates proves nothing. So does Mr. Tree. He was an actor-manager in every sense of the word. The mere fact that he had no "long runs" in the present sense, proves only that there was not the theatre-going population then to support them. Mr. Archer, forced to admit that no foreign State-aided theatre, not even the Français, can show the magnificent results of the free English theatre in olden times, cannot escape from the consequences of his admission by differentiating between past ages and the present day. There is practically no difference. The fact that there are more good dramatists and actors in France than in England only proves that the genius of the French inclines towards the theatre more than the genius of England. A repertory theatre here might, as Mr. Pinero allows, give us more respectable mediocrity—it probably would, but it would not render the sum of our art any larger; it would not incline to our side the balance which at present exists in favour of France.

But Mr. Pinero's arguments against a State theatre are hardly less feeble than Mr. Archer's reasons for desiring one. We cannot forbear quoting Mr. Pinero's delicious descriptive, though absolutely unconvincing, example of what such a playhouse may become. The reply to him is, naturally, that given good plays and good players, even a repertory theatre would be attended eagerly, though not because it was a repertory theatre, but because there was an amusing or entertaining play being given there. Any house will be empty if the performance be unattractive. Mr. Pinero speaks of one of the greatest theatres on the Continent, the Vienna Burgtheater:

"... it is a fine building, no doubt; but let me tell you my exhilarating experience of theatre-going at the Burg. We arrived late one evening, my wife and I—the play was perhaps half over. What play it was I don't know to this day, for there were no flaunting posters here—not a bill of any sort to show what was going on. There was no sign of life about the theatre, externally. We pushed open a solemn swing-door, and found ourselves in an echoing vestibule. The pay-boxes were all closed, and a soldier or gendarme, sitting on a stool asleep, was the solitary occupant of the hall. It was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. We awoke the official, and said we wanted to go into the theatre. He was very angry at being disturbed, and simply waved his hand in the direction of another swing-door. In we went, and passed reverently on through the deserted corridors, until at last we encountered an old woman—presumably the Sleeping Beauty's nurse. We had no ticket or any thing—there was nowhere to get one; but I said we wanted to see the play. She ushered us into a box; I tipped her, and there we were. The house was half empty, the audience seemingly asleep, and the actors acting in a dream. At the end of the scene the curtain fell to a solitary mechanical clap; and we arose and fled, past the sleeping gendarme, into the waking world again. To the best of my belief he is sleeping there still."

The danger, of course, being, that a theatre dependent not on public support, but on a subsidy, might become so very classic that it ceased to be a house of entertainment. That is a real danger. But it is not an argument against a subsidised theatre, only against a badly-managed subsidised theatre.

THERE has been a serious "slump" in the London theatres, Lent, supervening upon the national mourning, being no doubt responsible for this unhappy state of things. Pitiées and galleryites have been faithful, and the cheaper priced seats have been well patronised; the upper circles, and even the dress circles in some instances, have been well attended, but the stalls and private boxes have remained resolutely empty. This is further proof that "Society" never goes into any other part of a theatre; even the dress circle remains sacred to the richer middle class. It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Tree's lavish production of "Twelfth Night" is an exception to the rule of stagnation, that the pretty "Second in Command," at the Haymarket, has suffered but little, and that "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," at the Globe, has continued to play to large audiences. The musical houses have felt the public indifference towards theatres, but only in a minor degree. It is good to find that the plays which have held their own are not of the decadent, "realistic" kind.

But, of course, the reaction is bound to come, probably with Easter. The public, in the long run, is wonderfully loyal to the playhouse. Year in and year out, of all recreation, with the exception of horse-racing, the drama is probably the national pastime. With Easter all kinds of fresh blood will be infused. Even before the time of rejoicing, old lamps will give place to new, or, at any rate, lamps put away and burnished again to look like new. "Mamma" succeeds "The Noble Lord" at the Criterion; "The Man from Blankney's," "Peg Woffington" at the Prince of Wales's; "Nicandra," a semi-new farce, "The Message from Mars" at the Avenue; "A Woman in the Case," "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" at the Court. A little later, "The Fortune Teller," another American musical play, will be seen at the Shaftesbury; Mrs. Langtry will reopen the beautified Imperial, in Westminster, with "A Royal Necklace"; "Florodora" will be followed by "The Silver Slipper" at the Lyric; and in the autumn, during Mr. Alexander's provincial tour, the St. James's will pass into the temporary possession of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, whose intention it is to revive "The Elder Miss Plossom" and "The Likeness of the Night," and to produce a version of Mr. Egerton Castle's novel, "The Secret Orchard," dramatised by himself. In addition to this, Mr. Tree may produce on a grand scale "The Merchant of Venice," or Mr. Stephen Phillips's new blank-verse play on incidents of the Odyssey—either of which will be extremely interesting. Mr. Alexander, it is to be presumed, will present Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" before starting on his travels. So the year is full of promise.

"Mamma" is Mr. Sydney Grundy's successful adaptation of a French farce which Mr. Hare produced here with much success, and which has since been once revived by Mrs. John Wood at the Court Theatre, with Mr. Hare again in his original part. "The Man from Blankney's" is Mr. Anstey's own adaptation of his *Punch* papers, wherein we read of the gentleman sent out as a "hired guest" by one of the great Universal Providers. "Nicandra" is a rather unusual play, a kind of weird farce, by Mr. Russell Vaun, one of the authors of "A Little Ray of Sunshine"; it was produced some time ago at a suburban theatre; its heroine is a "snake woman," a part which the management hopes will be played by Mrs. Brown Potter; Mr. Elouin and Mr. Sleath are responsible for the enterprise, so that we shall probably see Mr. Edouin in the cast. "A Woman in the Case" is a farcical comedy by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Leonard Merrick, who have collaborated in many plays. "A Royal Necklace" is a play by Messrs. Pierre and Claude Berton, in which Mrs. Langtry will appear as Marie Antoinette. "The Fortune Teller" will bring back into management Mr. George Musgrove, who imported "The Belle of New York," so that one may hope for improvements on all the other successors to "The Belle of New York."

PIERRE.

## THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

### VI.—OVERCROWDING AND THE BYE-LAWS.

IT cannot be too strongly and definitely stated that the overcrowding in the great towns, concerning which there are not two opinions, is largely due to the London Building Act and the Model Bye-laws. We take them together, because it is evident that both are permeated by the same spirit. Several clauses are, in fact, identical. There may be some excuse for encouraging in London itself, where land is scarce and valuable, the erection of high houses on the "flat" system, but even there its effect on children is most prejudicial. Virtually they are compelled to breathe nothing but the confined air of

the house, and the terrible result is that 22 per cent. die before their first birthday, and those above five are annually decimated. But in rural districts and small country towns there is no need for this, especially when it is conjoined with a regulation fixing the open space behind at a minimum of 150 square feet, less the ground occupied by certain permitted erections. Dr. Poore has directed attention to the case of Andover, which was exceptionally healthy before the bye-laws were adopted, with its low houses, gardens, and open spaces, but now the Local Government Board sanctions the erection of dwelling-houses roof.

high, with a back-yard 25ft. deep. This is merely sending an invitation to diphtheria, scarlet fever, and the other diseases that carry off children. The figures given by the Registrar-General show that here we are touching upon no imaginary evil. In the ten years between 1881 and 1891 the deaths per million from the diseases mentioned were—Diphtheria: Liverpool 852, Stroud 4,760, Andover 225. Scarlet fever: Liverpool 2,966, Stroud 1,828, Andover 307. But if Andover were to grow into a large town, the effect of the bye-laws would be to perpetuate there the very conditions that produce the frightful infant mortality in great cities. Even if the case of the latter is quite hopeless, if those wretched model lodging-houses where Hooliganism is engendered cannot be removed or bettered, it is surely most desirable that a strong protest should be made against those who would encourage the erection of similar dwellings in rural England. It will scarcely

be credited a few years hence that regulations could be tolerated which put a veto upon the erection of houses of timber or chalk on the roadside or the open plain, in meadow and orchard, where children could be brought up in breeze and sunshine as their predecessors had been for many generations, and yet encouraged the erection of municipal barracks 80ft. or 100ft. high, with only a miserable back-yard to breathe in. Dr. Poore very rightly says that when "such regulations are printed in the bye-laws of rural places, they become *dangerous and wicked suggestions*" (the italics are ours). Common-sense tells us that the builder to be encouraged is not he who huddles houses together and piles one on top of another, but he who puts up detached dwellings of not more than two stories, with gardens all round. Yet it is the former who is favoured by the Local Government Board.

In another way the bye-laws lead to overcrowding by needlessly increasing the expense of building, and this in several ways. Elaborate plans and descriptions have to be prepared, which would be quite unnecessary in many cases, and particularly in that of cottages. When a cottage goes with a small holding, there is often a local mason who can put up the walls of materials found in the neighbourhood, and when that is done the owner finishes it himself. Surely this is a homely and good old fashion that deserves to be encouraged. Quite recently we have inspected such dwellings in districts where no bye-laws have been adopted, and found them wholesome and comfortable, though no doubt a keen surveyor would have found a million faults. It is on him that the interpretation rests.



Photo. by

COTTAGES AT STUDLAND.

Frith and Co.

He has a large body of minute regulations that are far too complicated and technical for the Council to understand. By insisting upon certain materials, by refusing to sanction the roofing that comes most natural in the country, and by many other tyrannical ordinations, these bye-laws are so increasing expense that building is paralysed as far as the rural districts are concerned. The result is a vast amount of filthy overcrowding, even in sparsely-populated parts. It has been described both publicly and privately by the officials of the Labour Commission and newspaper correspondents.

In all this we are not casting blame on Mr. Walter Long, who is at present head of the Local Government Board. At first, it is true, his attitude seemed to be rather unbending, but recently he has displayed a different temper. Replying to the representations of the Housing Conference that recently met at Bristol, he has given the assurance (1) That he is "deeply impressed with the necessity of throwing no unnecessary impediment in the way of those local authorities who are endeavouring to deal with the housing of the working classes," and (2) that he is "at present engaged in very careful consideration of the bye-laws of the Board in order to ascertain whether alteration in any direction appears desirable." With this attitude of mind no fault can be found. Mr. Walter Long is new to this post, and deserves to be thought none the worse of because he wishes to look into the question carefully for himself. Yet these sentences are not very reassuring as to his grasp of the situation. In the first place, the local authorities should not be primarily considered. The best way of housing the working

classes is not through public bodies, but by private enterprise. It may be necessary under exceptional circumstances for a local body to take the matter in hand, but that is only when individuals fail to come forward. The primary office of a public body is supervision, in this case to see that new houses are not insanitary or dangerous, and the case against the bye-laws is that they needlessly increase the expense and trouble of building, so that they are choking off those landlords and others who would otherwise be willing to set up dwellings for the poor. It is out of their way that we wish to see impediments removed. As far as local authorities themselves are concerned, the main business of the Board is to draw up regulations that the average representative can understand.



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ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE, SMALL HYTHE.

Frith and Co.



Otherwise it is a mere form to make the Parish or District Council responsible, since they must inevitably be compelled to trust to the surveyor. But if a single individual is to have the administration of the bye-laws, then the natural course is to recognise the fact and appoint him from Whitehall. In the second statement there is also room for distrust. The mistake made at the beginning when these bye-laws were drawn up lay in failing to seek advice from the proper quarter, and they bear unmistakable marks of their place of origin. No revision is likely to be satisfactory until this is remedied, and that can only be done by calling in experts from the outside. There is no reason why Mr. Walter Long should hesitate about doing that, since the complaints arise from no faddists or extremists. They are not based on any desire to give the jerry-builder more rope than he is accustomed to. On the contrary, as our correspondence columns show week by week, they are advanced by those who have the best interests of the building trade at heart. They ask for the removal of no useful or salutary restriction, but only of such as are inexpedient and tyrannical. All that they assert is that the bye-laws encourage the erection of those hideous, uncomfortable terrace houses, of which a flaring example is seen in our illustration *A TERRACE OF BYE-LAW HOUSES*. To put these up is a joy to the heart of the infamous jerry-builder. He turns them out like cheap machine-made goods all to a pattern, and has the law on his side. There are thousands of such rows all around London, in most cases practically gardenless, since only the minimum of back-yard is given, unhealthy and overcrowded to an extent that many who are concerned about more central houses do not dream of. But



Photo. by

OLD HOUSES, NORTH END, HAMPSTEAD.

Frith and Co.

if they like may copy those charming old houses in Hampstead. We also show a picturesque old Cornish round cottage to show to what use the material near at hand may be put.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN showed us some time ago—five years ago, was it not?—in “Captain Shannon,” that in writing novels of the genus sensational and the species detective or quasi-defective, he was quite prepared to dispute the first place with Dr. Conan Doyle. And in “Scoundrels and Co.” (Ward, Lock) he has established his position more strongly than ever. The problem, I take it, which the novel writer of this class sets before himself is how to combine sensationalism, ingenuity of plot, murder and sudden death, and thrilling adventure in a story of which the details and machinery shall be new, in which the villains shall all be of the deepest dye, and shall all come to a horrible end, without exciting our sympathy or harrowing our feelings in the least degree. It is not too much to say that Mr. Coulson Kernahan has solved this problem completely in his last book, and the only reason why his hero cannot be compared to Sherlock Holmes is that, as a matter of fact, the hero never is named at all. No bad way of indicating the nature of this story will be to follow in the first place the striking but somewhat *Police News*-y illustrations by Mr. Stanley L. Wood. On the frontispiece we see seated at night in the cabin of a yacht the seven scoundrels, all disguised in the same way, that is to say, in blue serge clothes, bowler hats, spectacles, and black bears and moustaches of identical make, which are curiously reminiscent of Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. John Burns. Six of them are engaged at the moment in enrolling the seventh into their secret society and in giving him his first job, which is to be the murder on board another yacht of the original seventh, who is suspected of treachery. Meanwhile the narrator, a gentleman at large who has got on to this yacht at Southend, mistaking it for that of a friend with whom he was going for a cruise, is listening concealed by tarpaulins. In the next picture we see the narrator, stark naked, fighting in the cabin of a yacht with a man in clothes, who is seventh scoundrel No. 2. A good deal has happened in between. The narrator, as soon as the scoundrel's had left the original yacht, which was merely a rendezvous, has made up his mind to thwart their schemes. He has tried to swim ashore and failed. He has drifted out to the other yacht, on which is original scoundrel No. 7, expecting a police inspector, to whom he was going to betray his accomplices. In a little struggle the first No. 7 dies suddenly of heart disease, and while the narrator is thinking what to do, the second No. 7 comes on board. Naturally they fight, and the narrator kills the other villain with a blow of a whisky decanter. Having done that, he strips him, takes his clothes, takes out of his pocket the directions for the next meeting of the syndicate of scoundrels and the disguise, and then sinks both bodies with the heavy chain which had been carefully provided for the purpose.

After these last proceedings most men would have been satisfied to give information to the police and to leave the job alone, but not so Mr. Coulson



Photo. by

ROUND HOUSE AT BOLEIGH, CORNWALL.

Frith and Co.

the “Ellen Terry” cottage at Small Hythe outrages nearly every principle of the bye-laws, even though it stands by itself in most healthy surroundings, and has plenty of breathing space in the shape of gardens. Of those charming cottages at Studland, facing the Isle of Wight, the writer can speak with some confidence, as he has lived in one of them, and never desires to have a more comfortable dwelling, even though the door-latches were of wood and the rooms abounded in the oddest of corners and cupboards. It is also desired that more freedom may be allowed in regard to the use of wood as a building material in country districts where the danger of fire is slight, so that people

Kernahan's hero. Besides, although he was a real hero and quite in the right, he had already two deaths to account for, and it is not always safe to presume upon the intelligence of coroners and common juries. So the hero determines to keep up the game, having learned when he first watched the syndicate from his hiding-place that the seven were unknown to one another by name, and that their scheme of life was to direct anarchist societies, to annex the contributions of misguided enthusiasts, and to shock society with hideous outrages from time to time. In the next picture, therefore, we see a wild-faced scoundrel falling out of the door of a railway carriage travelling at full speed, over the body of another person, whose face looks strained but satisfied. And well it may be, for this is the narrator, who, on his way to the second rendezvous, which was a derelict gipsy van lying in a lonely Essex lane, has been surprised asleep by No. 1 who is the captain of all the scoundrels, and there has been a tremendous scene between them, in the course of which No. 1, having first made great play with the narrator's revolver (which was empty) has unlatched the carriage door and has sprung at the hero, who has ducked. Exit, therefore, No. 1, and the hero has now three deaths to his credit.

After that I may cut down the story, but every line of it is exciting. No. 2 takes up the direction of affairs, albeit much suspected by No. 5. The hero, masquerading as scoundrel all through, manages to thwart his associates every time. One gets killed in an attempt to dynamite Lord Cranthorpe, brewer and tyrannous employer of labour. Then No. 2 starts a gorgeous scheme for blowing up her late Majesty and all attendant princes, by substituting a celluloid ball full of dynamite for one of the balls used for the decoration of the Strand during the Jubilee procession of 1897. The hero, who is No. 2's assistant, substitutes a celluloid ball filled with sawdust, and when No. 2 cuts the string and the ball drops and nothing happens, he is a good deal disappointed. Meanwhile the hero, pseudo No. 7, is looking on from the other side of the street, and No. 2 catches sight of him. Whereupon he humps his shoulders and drops his jaw. Result that when the villains next meet, No. 2 accuses No. 5, who has humped shoulders, of treachery, and they have a fight in the dark, in which No. 5 is killed and turns out to be a woman, so that now four scoundrels are gone. More nefarious schemes follow. There is an attempt to blow up the Prince of Wales at a Savage Club dinner. There is an extremely humorous account of an arrangement by which, during a strike, No. 2 hands over to trustees £5,000 in notes and cash, nominally subscribed by German workmen, really subscribed by German employers to hamper English trade, having arranged beforehand that pseudo No. 7 shall turn off the electric light, and that in the darkness he (No. 2) shall throw the bag of money out of window to an accomplice.

The whole scheme comes off all right, but both No. 2 and pseudo No. 7 get mauled a great deal by the populace in the scramble for the money. Then comes the final scene. They—all that are left of them—and one new scoundrel, whom they have enlisted, hire a brougham which pseudo No. 7 is to drive. He is to drop one man with plenty of dynamite at Scotland Yard, another at Holloway, another at Pentonville, and another at Newgate. As a matter of fact, he does drive them all straight into Holloway Gaol, where the police get them in one fell swoop.

"What does this mean, Number Seven?" hissed the now handcuffed Number Two as I got down from the box.

"It means," I said, "that I have been a spy upon you all along, and that I told the governor of the gaol why we were coming here to-night, and arranged with him that the waving of my whip should be the signal for the gates to open."

"My God!" he said, quietly, "and I mistook you for a gentleman."

Whaur's Wullie Shakespeare noo, or Sherlock Holmes either?

The issue of the handsomely-illustrated "First on the Antarctic Continent," by C. E. Borchgrevink (George Newnes, Limited), is a distinct event of importance in the history of British exploration. Sir George Newnes, Bart., is, of course, in the first place best known as a past master in the organisation of journalistic enterprise, but the expedition of which this book is the fruit proves him to be something very much more valuable—that is to say, a public-spirited Englishman. The ways of journalistic advertisement are mysterious, but no human being can pretend that the proprietor of many journals, who equipped this important expedition at his own expense and did not make its beginning, its progress, or its triumphant result a feature in any of them, was actuated by selfish motives. The fact of the matter seems simply to have been that Sir George Newnes, having made a large fortune, determined to spend a part of it for the benefit of science and humanity in exploration, and he must have been a proud man when on April 1st, 1900, he received a cable—"Object of exploration carried out—South magnetic pole located furthest south, with sledge record 78deg. 50min.—Zoologist Hanson dead—all well on board—Borchgrevink." And Captain Borchgrevink must have been a proud man too, for the loss of Hanson, the zoologist, grievous as it was, was but a small price to pay for the addition to the sum of human knowledge which is contained in the pages of this book. And yet the whole of this knowledge is not so far available for public use, because the zoological notes and the rock specimens have to be dealt with by experts who were not taken on the expedition. Captain Borchgrevink's idea, as he tells us in an introduction, was to gather round him not so much a staff of specialists as of intelligent collectors and observers, of whom Nikolai Hanson, a young Norwegian, was one of the most promising. It follows, therefore, that the future may show the results of this expedition to be of far greater importance than can be realised at present. As matters stand, it is comfortable to reflect that a good deal of the Antarctic land which was hidden in mystery now bears English names. There is a "Lady Newnes Bay," there is "Newnes Land," there is the Duke of York's Island, and it is the British flag which has been hoisted in the hitherto unknown latitude. In fact, it was on March 2nd that the British flag, which had been presided by the Duke of York, was the first flag that ever had been hoisted on the Antarctic Continent. The expedition was, as usual in these cases, made partly by ship and partly on sledges and snowshoes. It involved many hardships and some hair's-breadth escapes, and the book would be well worth reading for that reason alone, for it is a plain



Mrs. De'ves Broughton.

A TERRACE OF BYE-LAW HOUSES.

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straightforward record by a man of dauntless courage, who observes everything and by no means makes too much of the personal risks and discomforts which he has himself endured. Concerning this expedition there is but one thing to be regretted, and that is, that although it was made upon English money, it was not for the most part made by Englishmen. It was essentially an expedition of hardy Norsemen, but it is pleasant to notice that Mr. William Colbeck, R.N.R., the magnetic observer, was an Englishman, as was Mr. Hugh Blackwell Evans, the assistant zoologist, and that Mr. Louis Bernacchi hailed from Tasmania. Still, the greater number of the men who went through these dangers were hardy Norsemen, whose home was literally on the foaming wave.

There was no reason whatsoever why Mr. Frank T. Bullen should apologise for the republication of a good number of his essays in the *Spectator* and elsewhere under the title of "A Sack of Shavings" (C. Arthur Pearson). The volume, as a matter of fact, contains Mr. Bullen at his best—that is to say, Mr. Bullen going down to the sea in ships and seeing the works of the Lord, including that Leviathan, in fact, a good many leviathans; and it is pleasant to be able to say that it does not contain any of Mr. Bullen's efforts as a landsman writer. The first are always as good as they can be—triumphs of graceful writing and true feeling; the second are never quite so good. Perhaps the best piece in this volume is the first—a whaling short story—which records the adventures of a sperm from calfhood to violent death in mature years. First, he turns up among a school of whales, innocent and calf-like, clinging "leech-like to his mother's side, vigorously draining the enormous convexity of her bosom of its bounteous flood of milk." Then there is a fight both grim and great, a stark battle indeed between the whales and a lot of sword-fish, which ends in leaving the calf whale very much an orphan, and he goes off by himself into the ocean, because there is nobody to go with him. There he thrives not a little until he gets into the grasp of a huge octopus, and the fight is described grandly.

Absolute silence reigned as the great fight went on. Its inequality was curiously abnormal. For while the vast amorphous bulk of the mollusc completely dwarfed the comparatively puny size of the young cachalot, there was on the side of the latter all the innate superiority of the vertebrate carnivorous mammal with warrior instincts transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations of ocean royalty. Gradually the grip of those clinging tentacles relaxed as he felt the succulent gelatinousness divide, and with a bound he ascended from that befouled abyssal gloom into the light and loveliness of the upper air. Behind him trailed sundry long fragments, *disjecta membra*, of his late antagonist, and upon these, after filling his lungs again and again with the keen pure air of heaven, he feasted grandly. Then, as he lies motionless and gorged, "that subtle sense which, attuned to the faintest vibration of the mobile sea, kept him warned, informs him that something big is moving within a few miles." And that "something big" turns out to be a school of sperm whales who receive him kindly at first. Later, however, in the course of nature, he has to fight two young bulls for his harem. That, too, is well-described, but for the description the reader must be referred to the book. It need hardly be said that Mr. Bullen's spermacetic hero wins easily, and that in time he becomes a sort of king among the sperm whales. Finally, having been harpooned ineffectually once or twice, and having smashed up a whaler's boat, thus learning his strength, our sperm whale becomes a terror to all whalers—the same kind of thing, in fact, as a man-eater among tigers. At last a Yankee skipper, infuriated by the loss of many boats and men, has a battle *a outrance* with him, and the fight is splendidly described.

All through that bright day the great battle raged. Many were the hair-breadth escapes of the men, but the skipper never lost his cool, calculating attitude. Finally, the now exhausted leviathan 'sounded' in reality, remaining down for half-an-hour. When he reappeared, he was so sluggish in his movements that the exultant skipper shouted: 'Naow, boys, in on him! he's our whale.' Forward darted the beautiful craft under the practised sweep of the six oars, and as soon as she was within range the skipper fired his first bomb. It reached the whale, but, buried in the flesh, its explosion was not disabling. Still it did not spur the huge creature into activity, for at last his strength had failed him. Another rush in and another bomb, this time taking effect just abaft the starboard fin. There was a momentary accession of energy as the frightful wound caused by the bursting iron tube among the monster's viscera set all his masses of muscle a quiver. But this spurt was short-lived, and as a third bomb was fired a torrent of blood foamed from the whale's disended spiracle, a few fierce convulsions distorted his enormous frame, and that puissant ocean monarch passed peacefully into the passiveness of death. When they got the great carcass alongside, they found embedded in the blubber no fewer than fourteen



harpoons, besides sundry fragments of exploded bombs, each bearing mute but eloquent testimony to the warlike career of the vanquished Titan who began his career as an orphan."

The whole is one of the most wonderful pieces of writing I ever came across, for it has the most complete air of verisimilitude all through, and Mr. Bullen writes as an eye-witness in such a manner as to produce complete conviction. But all he can really have known, the whole foundation of twenty interesting pages, is that there was once a sperm whale killed in whose carcase were found fourteen harpoons. The rest of the story is pure craftsmanship and really fine writing, which is the more creditable to Mr. Bullen when we remember that his story of his own career, detailed in other books, is undoubtedly true, and that he had really no education. Most of the other stories are very nearly as good, but an idea of the quality of the whole is best given by dealing with one story by itself.



#### ENGLISH AND FRENCH RIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me of any book which gives a description of the rivers of France and England as regards their being navigable for small boats and canoes? I shall be extremely obliged if you or any of your readers can give me this information.—DUDLEY W. BUCKLE.

[There are a good many such books, but we cannot ourselves undertake to recommend the best.—ED.]

#### SNOW-WATER FOR BURNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to know whether any of your readers have come across a notion prevalent among the poor folk in some parts of the country that snow-water is particularly good and healing for application to burns, scalds, and sores in general, and also I should very much like to know whether there is any possible scientific truth in the idea, as there seems so often to be underlying what appears at first sight the utterly foolish conceptions of the unlearned people. I have a notion that the idea of application of snow-water to wounds may date from the time when wounds were more common in Merry England than they are to-day, and when a handful of snow applied to the place was often found useful in stanching the blood from an arrow wound. This is only a conjecture of mine, and I should much like to hear a more probable one. At present I find that the people not only have faith in the application of snow (indeed, it is not so often the snow itself as the snow-water, the melted snow, that they seem to deem efficacious), but that they actually melt the snow in winter-time, and bottle it off into bottles, which they lay by for future use in the summer in case of burns or sores. Of course, it soon loses the special virtue that its coldness, when first melted, might give it. But I should very much like to know whether any of your readers can give an explanation of the people's belief in this very simple medicament.—H. G. H.

#### WATER-CRESS GROWING FOR MARKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If you could give me in your journal some information about water-cress growing for the market, what are the conditions necessary for success, and whether, if the conditions are present, it is a profitable crop to grow, I should be much obliged. Is there any book giving advice as to water-cress growing?—A. R. FORDHAM.

[There is no difficulty about growing water-cress if you have a suitable stream of water and good marketing facilities, that is to say, it works in easily with other garden produce, but the prices obtained are not such as to justify any great outlay when the natural advantages do not exist. Many gardening books give hints about water-cress, but we do not know one that makes the cultivation of the plant a speciality. Some of our readers may, and in that case we should be glad to hear from them.—ED.]

#### MOTH IN FUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in last week's paper a letter re "Moth in Fur." Perhaps it may be of interest to some of your readers how to keep away this pest. Prevention is better than cure. Where fur has been attacked by maggots they can be destroyed, but the fur cannot be restored to its pristine state when it looks as if it had the mange. That moth can be kept away I can prove. I bought an astrachan coat in 1873, and unless the weather was extremely cold have seldom worn it, and it is in as good a state of preservation as when it first came into my possession. Most of my clothes are kept in drawers, and between each article I place three pieces of camphor about 3in. in length by 1in. square, each piece wrapped in tissue paper, as the camphor in time evaporates, and is apt to leave an oily-looking mark on cloth. Coats that hang up have a similar piece of camphor in each pocket. At certain periods the clothes are overhauled and fresh pieces of camphor introduced in the places of those that have disappeared. At times cloth moths have been seen in the house, but I have never had a garment attacked.—W. T. CATLEUGH.

#### HEATING HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I have been getting in estimates for heating a house and an office with hot water, I can, perhaps, give "Potsy" some of the information he wants. Radiators will be found far the best for his purpose, as they can be put in with very little disturbance of the woodwork. The pipes (generally 2in. in diameter) do not look unsightly when running along the floors of the rooms close to the wall, and the radiators require no attachment, merely being set on

the floor. Each radiator has its own valve, by which the whole or part of the heat can be shut off. For the large room, at least two radiators will be required of about 40ft. surface each, and for the small rooms one of about 30ft. The former would cost about £4 10s. each and the latter £3 10s. The heat would be supplied by a greenhouse saddle boiler. If there is a greenhouse near the house, and if the boiler is large enough, there is no reason why the heat should not be obtained from this, a valve being put into both the greenhouse and house circuits to control or shut off either. The cost of the whole would be between £70 and £100, but I would strongly recommend "Potsy" to get in competitive estimates, as I have found that different firms give quotations differing by as much as 100 per cent. for the same work. I may perhaps add that I have found by experiment that a heating system such as this would burn from 1½cwt. to 2cwt. a day in winter.—A. H. MOWERAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Potsy" must consult a practical heating engineer, for the relative levels and plans of floors, etc., so much control the arrangement; but I have undergone similar experience, so offer the following as guiding principles: The stove (and boiler combined) could be an independent one, i.e., no brickwork to erect; it must be fixed at a lower level than the "downstairs" room or hall or staircase to be heated, and, of course, have a separate chimney flue appropriated to it. Capital stoves and boilers are to be obtained of British make. Radiator heating is preferable to heating-pipes in channels or to pipes against walls. It is more economical in space and heating capacity. British or American radiators of any size can have attached to them a simple wheel-valve, but one of the radiators, generally the highest above boiler, must be without, so as to allow a circulation of water if remainder of system is shut off. A small regulating cistern will be necessary, and it must be placed at highest level, perhaps upstairs. The billiard-room would appear to want most heat against its three outside walls, so put one or two of the radiators under the sills of one or two of its windows having the coldest aspect. A large-sized radiator placed in "downstairs" well or front and another in back stairs should efficiently heat those with their landings (and bedrooms) above. The hall will need its radiator placed close up to front door. It is impossible even approximately to suggest a price for so indefinite a scheme. If "Potsy's" house is insured, he should inform insurance office when it is heated.—LOW PRESSURE.

#### THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would, I think, be an interesting feature in this useful discussion in your paper if you or any of your readers could inform us, *exactly*, of the powers under which the Local Authorities frame their bye-laws, whence they get them, and how far the powers of the Local Government Board itself go.—AN OWNER OF SEVERAL THATCHED COTTAGES.

[The Local Authorities derive their powers from the provisions of the Public Health Act of 1875.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As Mr. Walter Long seems disposed to reconsider the bye-laws, I think it would be of great advantage to state definitely what changes are required. My own ideas are:

- (1) To make bye-laws that the average members of a local body can understand.
- (2) To remove the restrictions against timber-built houses in rural districts.
- (3) To allow thatch as a roof in villages and wayside hamlets.
- (4) To permit chalk or any other material to be used in the district it is natural to.
- (5) To simplify those absurd regulations about the size of windows, etc.
- (6) To take out that silly clause about overhangs.

The last is a particularly good illustration of the fact that rules designed for towns may be most absurdly applied to the country. It is very easy to find objections to overhangs in London, where it seems to me quite right that they should be forbidden, but I doubt very much if the most ingenious expert of the local board could find one plausible reason for forbidding them in the country, while the advantages are that they are often pretty, and also keep the footing dry. This, of course, is a very simple matter, but it shows how stupidly inconsiderate these bye-laws are, even when by luck they stumble into intelligibility.—C. B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As "Another Architect" has referred to my letter in your issue of February 23rd, may I crave a little space to reply. There was no intention of setting any puzzle for the Local Authorities to solve, as the plan of the site showed the road in front, public lane on one side, kitchen garden on the other, and the open meadow behind, but through inadvertence the name of the owner of this was forgotten. As the chairman of the council lived actually in the village, he could have supplied the information in a moment, without putting this trifling omission forward as a real objection against the building of the houses. The cottages were set back from the road about 150ft., with one wicket gate for the four, each with a strip of garden in front, to be divided by a row of raspberry canes or currant bushes. Why is it "distinctly necessary" to have dividing fences, and what can it possibly matter to the public whether Widow Jones's garden plot is separated from the next one by a wall or a hedge? Again, as to drainage, I can hardly think that "Another Architect" seriously contends that in a country cottage with one little scullery sink it is "necessary" to carry up a separate shaft above the roof to ventilate the drain! And why is it "absurd to waste a good supply of washing water" by making one drain take the rain and sink waste? In this case an excellent supply was laid on to the cottages, with a butt at the back of each for rain-water, so that there would be no advantage in building a tank underground for each cottage merely for the sake of the rain-water, and only a large unnecessary expense incurred. The whole eight objections in this particular instance were frivolous and paltry, and had no bearing whatever upon the main question, which was the approval or disapproval of the plans of the cottages themselves. It must be borne in mind that these bye-laws were drawn up more than a quarter of a century ago, and were previously intended for the prevention of abuses in towns and crowded districts; the formation to-day of urban and rural councils, and consequent adoption by them of these bye-laws, has shown their inapplicability in purely country districts and the need for their revision. What the opinion of the general public with regard to the Royal Institute of British Architects as given

by "Another Architect" has to do with the question I fail to see, nor why he should write so slightly of a body of men who have been and are doing more than anyone else in the country to try to get these vexatious and irritating restrictions removed.—E. G. D.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an amateur architect and student of building construction all over the world, I would like to endorse your strictures on the proposed bye-laws, which have evidently been concocted by narrow and ignorant men on rule-of-thumb lines applicable only to a certain class of ordinary town house, and totally unsuited to the varied conditions obtaining in different districts and imposed by considerations of use, taste, material, and topography. As you truly say, such regulations can only contemplate the erection of buildings in the most commonplace and utilitarian cockney style, their proposers evidently being incapable of imagining that anyone can desire in his house aught but the mere provision of that amount of cubic space, enclosed within four flat brick walls, which they consider right for him. There is no proof at all that wooden houses, if built of oak or elm, filled in with mud or cement in the old English method, are any more inflammable than brick or even iron. Thus the fire at Cripplegate, which utterly destroyed so-called fireproof buildings, failed to injure the ancient timber structures adjoining; and a recent fire at Ludlow, which completely gutted a modern brick house and shop, could get no hold on the next building, which was an old-fashioned oak one. As for thatched roofs, if they were so dangerously inflammable as these unimaginative devisers of strait-laced rules imagine, they would not in such numbers have survived the risks of centuries, as few enough of our modern buildings will. As a matter of fact, so saturated do these roofs become with the damp and rains that it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to set them on fire if one wishes, far more so at least than the cheap deal framework of a modern "fireproof" slate roof. Just as the postal officials subordinate all their rules to their pet fad of shielding the letter-carriers from temptation, so these bye-law makers are obsessed by one idea—the danger from fire. Yet it is the interior, not the outside, of a house which burns, and they might therefore with much more reason insist that all floors should be of concrete, and all furniture and fittings of iron. There would be much more sense in a law which prohibited the use of pine in the construction of buildings, as this was never used in former times, and is the main cause of so many fires in the present. Many old oak-built houses have been burnt through modern pine fittings or additions.—EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.



[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Most questions have two sides, if not more; and perhaps even about these Model Bye-laws there is something not altogether unfavourable to be said. In the first place, they are not compulsory. No Local Authority in the country need have any such bye-laws at all if they had rather not. Next, the Local Government Board expressly invites Local Authorities who may desire to adopt bye-laws to suggest any modifications of the model suitable to their particular requirements. It is true that (as pointed out in a recent paper on the subject\*), when once the form of bye-laws has been settled and approved, there is considerable difficulty in obtaining official sanction for further modifications. That the Board is becoming alive to the importance of the matter is, however, clear from Mr. Walter Long's letter, dated March 4th, to Mr. H. R. Aldridge, secretary of the National Housing Reform Council. Again, what really useful proposals for improvement have been made as yet? "Discretion may be given to Local Authorities." That way madness lies. If there is to be any official control at all, surely every man is entitled to know, or to be able to ascertain, exactly what he may or may not do. It would never do to be let to the tender mercies of Councils whose composition varies from district to district, election to election, or even from meeting to meeting. "Appeals may be allowed to the Board, or to a special Department." Does anyone who has had experience of the delay and trouble caused when matters of detail have to pass through a Government office really believe that this would work satisfactorily? Imagine the congestion of appeals on hundreds of points which would have to be dealt with, and the expense and worry which would inevitably accompany such a method of centralisation, when the question at issue might depend on local peculiarities, varying with every part of the country. "Let the bye-laws themselves give wider scope in materials, and be less vexatious in minor matters." Excellent counsel, but involving minute examination of the offending bye-laws and very careful amendment. Moreover, suppose for a moment that some of the cheaper materials, out of which the lovely old buildings recently so well depicted in your columns, were constructed, were definitely sanctioned by an enlightened set of bye-laws, and assume that this could be done without adding to the complications of regulations already complicated enough—a difficult task, for the thicknesses and construction of cob or timber dwellings would need some detailed rules. Assume all this; would the result necessarily be satisfactory? Would these dwellings last, in these days of shoddy competition, as the old ones have done? Would they be fit for habitation in twenty

years? Moreover, would they be any more beautiful than the present brick boxes? The beauty of a building depends more upon the brains and hands of those who design and construct it than upon the material of which it is composed. It would be easy to collect beautiful pictures of old houses, not of the cottage class, and not constructed of anti-bye-law material, and also hideous pictures of modern buildings of similar material. We shall not arrive at beauty merely by cheap lines. Lastly, someone may say, "Why have any bye-laws at all?" To that I imagine the best reply is by another question: "Are you prepared to leave the labouring class entirely at the mercy of the jerry-builder and the small landlord?" If, indeed, good bye-laws could be framed, applying to cottage property alone, there might be something to be said. But such an idea, of class legislation, raises so many other questions that it is almost impossible to discuss it. No, Sir, the question is not so simple as it looks at first sight. Criticism is as usual more easy than amendment. And if this letter can evoke some useful practical suggestions, instead of further unlimited abuse of stupid Local Authorities, I shall be glad to have written it.—CHAIRMAN OF A RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL.

\* The South Eastern Poor Law Conference Report, December, 1900, contains a paper and discussion on Building Bye-laws in Rural Districts. It can be obtained from Messrs. P. S. King and Son, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, Westminster.

["Chairman of a Rural District Council" will find his request for practical suggestions answered to some extent in the accompanying letter. Our first business is clearly to demonstrate that these bye-laws are ill-conceived and ill-constructed. Unless that is admitted by the Local Government Board (which we are glad to see is exhibiting signs of repentance), the drawing up of amendments would only be an ingenious but futile exercise.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The admirable papers you are issuing concerning the Building Bye-laws are calculated to do a most useful work in helping those who have always protested against their introduction in rural districts. As District Councillor for a very rural district of the Farnham Union I fought hard some six years ago for the repeal of the bye-laws in force for the parishes of Frensham and Churt, but with little success or encouragement. Having the misfortune to be an artist, my appeal for thatched roofs and picturesque cottages was received by the Council with universal amusement. The bye-laws were to prevent jerry-building, etc., and were to be beneficent in the extreme. They have now been in force for six or seven years, and their good results are still only prospective. On the other hand, the cry for labourers' cottages hereabouts becomes importunate, for no cottages are built, and it is plain that in face of these restrictions the cry can only be answered by some "progressive" measure of the Surrey County Council. Give us back freedom in rural districts, and the question of the housing of the agricultural labourers will soon solve itself.—BRYAN HOOK, Beefolds, Farnham.

### THREE ANCIENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As in country life our useful friends, animals, have a large share, I send you the photograph of three that I think now well entitled to be classed as "ancients," and all have spent their long lives very much together. *Place aux dames*—the little mare Dolly I have had nineteen years, and for seventeen out of that period she was always ready for work at all times and in all weathers, hardly ever being in any way amiss, and somewhat fiery to the end. The last two years she has been a pensioner. She had a four year old mouth when I bought her. Billy, the donkey, I calculate is about twenty-seven years old; he was by no means young when I had him eighteen years ago, and can still, if wanted, do a little work, though we look on him now also as a pensioner. He would never be ridden cross-legged, and has often created amusing scenes amongst my young people's visitors by unseating all comers, as I suppose a celebrated donkey in a circus did some years back, although he would be perfectly quiet with my little girl on a side-saddle. Even now that she is grown up and has given up riding him, if he is in the field and she calls him and then runs away, he will gallop after her like a lap-dog. He has always been an accomplished gate opener and adept at showing other animals the way to get out of a field. The question of age in the little Irish terrier Pat is perhaps more abnormal than in the other two cases. He is about twenty-two years old, formerly brown, now grey with age. I think from the blue colour of his left eye that he is blind in that, very deaf, but by no means dumb. Perhaps it does not often happen that three such instances of growing antiquated together are found in one place.—L. M. C.

### GRAIN AND ITS FEEDING QUALITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Apropos* of the question of an Irish correspondent in notes of COUNTRY LIFE of February 2nd, I enclose a clipping which may answer the question as to whether the soil on which grain is grown affects its feeding qualities. The Tennessee Station referred to is a Government agricultural and horticultural experimental station; each of the States has, and has had, for a number of years past, a similar station; the experiments made are conducted in the most accurate and scientific manner possible, and the result reached in the experiment quoted can be relied upon.—G. ST. L. A., Mass.

"Several weeks since Professor Phelps told us how the proportion of protein in hay was increased by the use of extra nitrogen in the grass. Other experiments show much the same thing. The Tennessee Station tried some experiments with corn, using various mixtures of chemicals. The corn grown where no nitrogen was used gave an average of 10.88 per cent. of protein. Where nitrogen was used the average was 11.66 per cent. This fact, that the composition of our grains and fodders can be changed by the use of soluble nitrogen, is an important one, especially for dairymen. The man with a good corn crop is well provided with carbonaceous food, whether he shreds the dry stalks or puts them in a silo. It is the payment for the protein that empties the pocket-book, and if by using soluble nitrogen we can add one or more per cent. of protein to our rough fodder, it is the best of business to do so."

### BRITTANY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would any of your readers kindly give me information on either Dinard or Dinan as a place of residence for a retired Army officer, married, with small family. I wish principally to know cost of living, society to be obtained, climate in summer and winter, amusements, etc.—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.